

CRACKED

MONSTER PARTY!

\$1.75

\$2.25

FOREIGN/
CANADA

#30

WINTER 95/96

THE POWER RANGERS MEET IVAN UZI



0 89955 06295 0

RIDDLE ME THIS!

WHAT'S GREEN,

OBNOXIOUS

AND FREE?

ANSWER:
**CRACKED'S
RIDDLER
RIDDLE
BOOK!**

CRACKED
SUPER
#10
WINTER 95/96

ALL-BATMAN SPECTACULAR!

NEW! BATMAN FOREVER RIP-OFF!

RIDDLE THIS!
The Cracked Riddler Riddle Book

BAT JEOPARDY

100	200	300	400	500
100	200	300	400	500
100	200	300	400	500
100	200	300	400	500
100	200	300	400	500

BATMAN
Robin
2-FACE

FREE INSIDE: OUR PULLOUT RIDDLER RIDDLE BOOK!

ON SALE NOW!

FREE INSIDE CRACKED SUPER!

CRACKED MONSTER PARTY!

BARRY ROSENBLOOM
publisher

LOU SILVERSTONE **ANDY SIMMONS**
editors

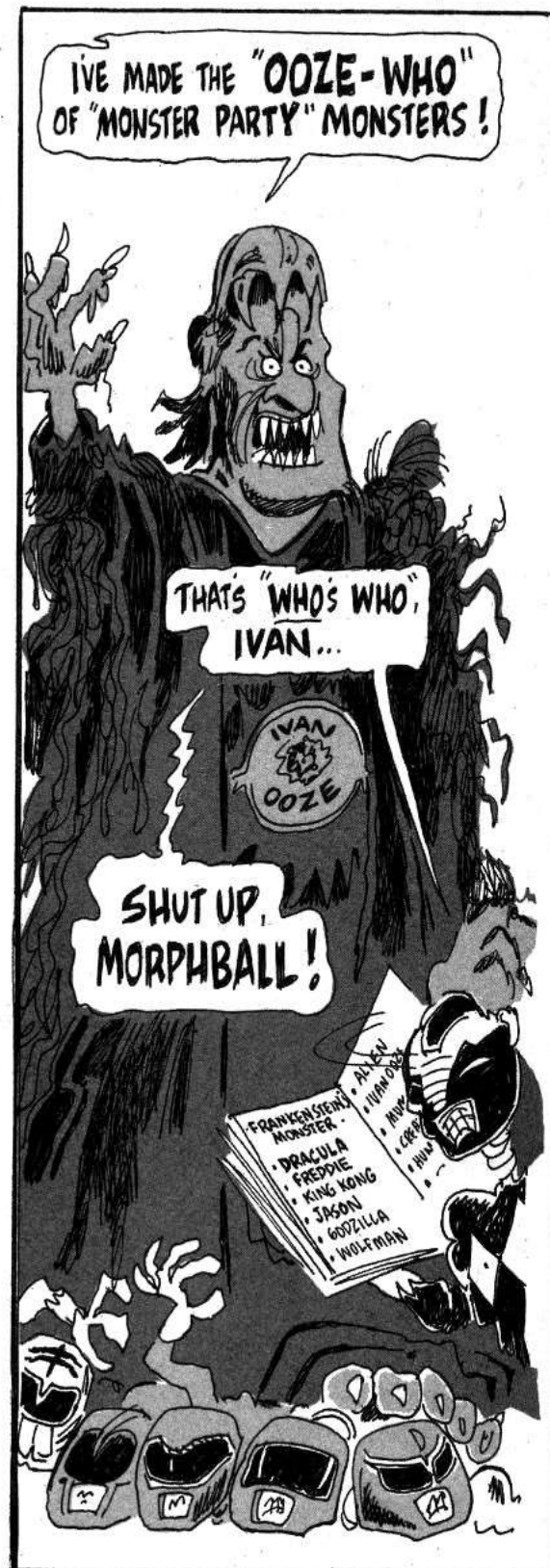
CLIFF MOTT **TODD JACKSON**
art director/associate editor associate editor

SYLVESTER P. SMYTHE
ivan snooze

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Front Cover: Rurik Tyler
Back Cover: Rurik Tyler



Long ago and far away, a legendarily greedy being came to America to establish a vanguard in the never-ending struggle for poorly-crafted, cheaply-produced entertainment. The tightwad TV producer sought out 6 extraordinarily untalented teen actors willing to work for scale and gave them their own show filled with half-assed special effects and stock footage from a miserable old Japanese show. While the quality of the show remained completely unwatchable, his bank account soon became the stuff of legend, earning him the opportunity to churn out a flick titled....

Welcome to Angel Groin's sky diving competition. A team has just completed a jump which landed **nearly on target**, almost ensuring the win. But here's the team from Angel Groin High: Reeky, Adumb, Fajita, Belly, Bimberly and Thumbby—otherwise known as the **Powder Rangers**! Let's watch them gently waft through the sky.

MIGHTY MORONIC POWDER RANGERS THE MOVIE



It was a real **cool** idea to make our jump in our Zorts!

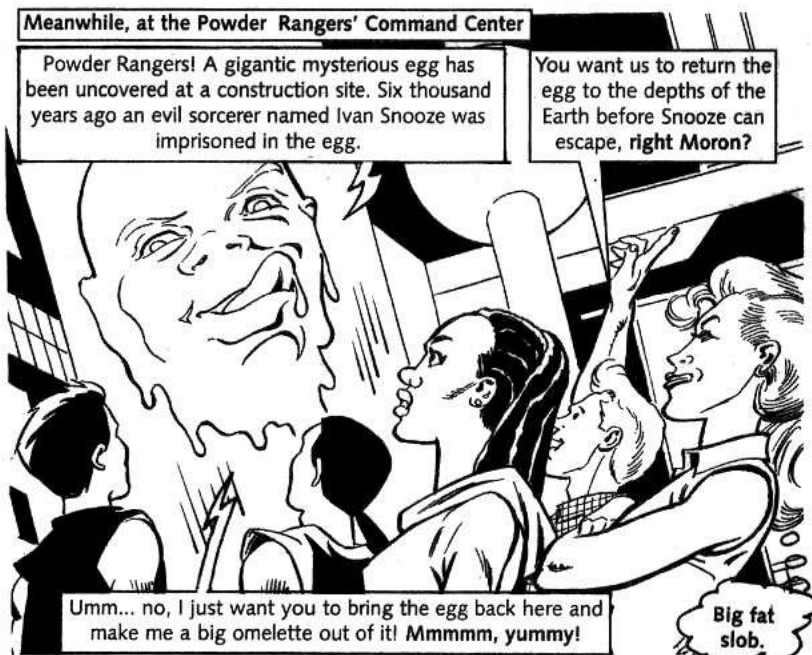
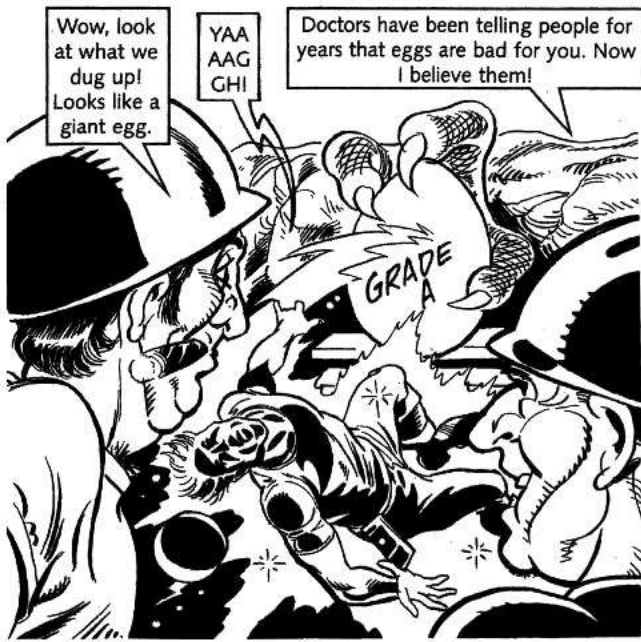
ALAN KUPPERBERG

GOONSH!

Yeah! We really **crushed** the competition!

WRITER: GREG GRABIANSKI

ARTIST: ALAN KUPPERBERG



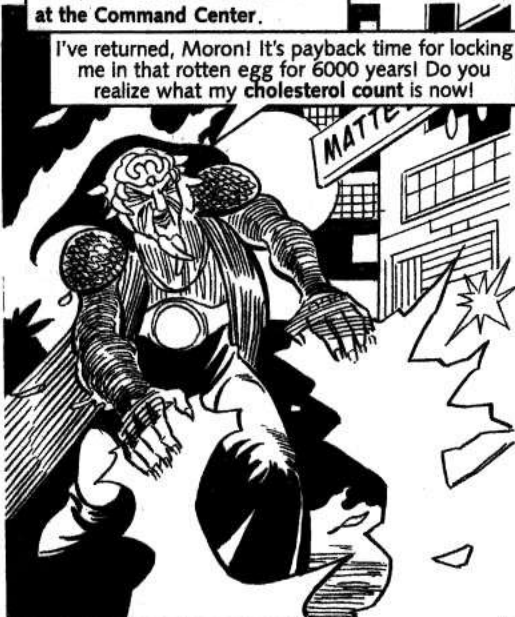
Later, Ivan Snooze attacks Moron at the Command Center.

I've returned, Moron! It's payback time for locking me in that rotten egg for 6000 years! Do you realize what my cholesterol count is now!

And later still.

Man, what happened here? The Command Center is a wreck! First we de-morphed, then we had to hail a taxi because our teleport powers didn't work, and now this!

It looks like Moron passed out. He must have had another wild party while we were out saving the world.



wheeze... *mumble mumble*...
Ivan Snooze... Ivan Snooze...

What? Yes, we see you're having a snooze. We thought you were gonna lay off the hard stuff, big guy.

Moron's in trouble! Outside of his time warp he's aging at an accelerated rate.

Cheez, what did I step in? Man, why couldn't Moron have used a Kleenex instead of the floor?



What you must do... *wheeze*... is find the **Great Power of Foot-Toes** and use it to... *cough*... defeat Ivan Snooze. *gasp* It is your only hope... but even more importantly, it is **my** only hope!

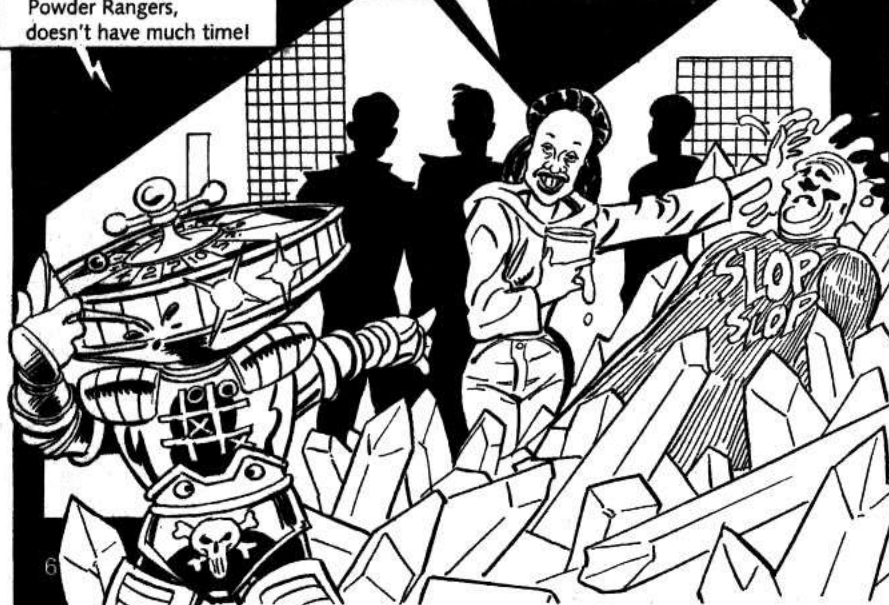
Foot-Toes is a distant planet. You must travel there and find the source of the **Great Power**. Hurry, Powder Rangers, doesn't have much time!

We're on the way! Meanwhile, keep applying Oil of Olay! It helps women get rid of wrinkles and keeps them looking young. Hopefully, it'll help you moron!

Mmmph!
Gmmph!

Behold my creation! I will take over the world with this ooze! It will turn adults into **mindless zombies** while causing the kids to go wild and misbehave.

But, evil one, the world already has something like that. It's called **television**.



Here we are on a strange planet, completely lost.

After we finish with these birds we'll have to find our way by climbing to higher ground and getting the lay of the land.

Heeyah!

Wowee! Nevermind going to higher ground! I think the lay of the land just got here!



Who are you and what are you doing here?

Ga-Ga! *Pant* *Pant* We were... uh.... sent here by Moron to search for the Great Hooters... er, I mean, Power.

I'll help you. I'm Dullsuey. It means "One Who Gives Bored Fathers in the Audience Something to Look At."

The Great Power can be found in a monolith in the jungle. The journey is treacherous—you will need the help of the ancient Ninnyjetti to survive.

Hey, what gives?

You got sand in my eye, owwl!

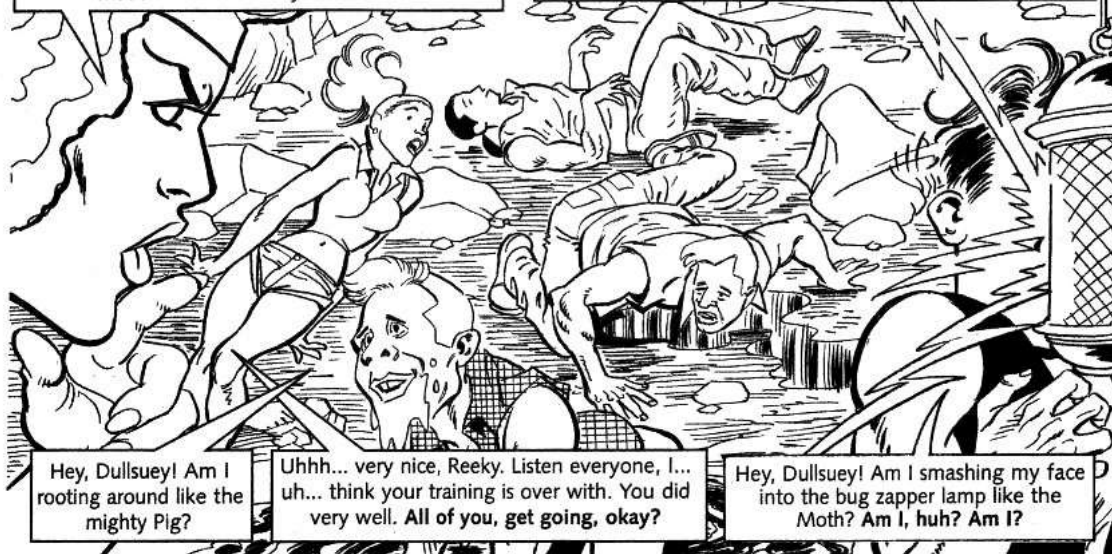
Teenagers too.



Fajita, you shall be the Sloth, slow and stupid. Reeky, you are the weak, foul-smelling Piglet. Bimberly, you are the Goldfish, kind of pretty but brainless and useless. Belly, you shall be the Irish Setter, likely to defecate on the rug. Adumb, you are the Moth, annoying and attracted to bright lights. Thumby, you are the Roast Duck, delicious with apple stuffing.

Now I shall train you all. You must be one with the Goldfish, Bimberly. Flop and twitch like the Goldfish does on land. That's it, good. Your frantic flopping motion should crush your enemies.

Thumby, feel the spirit of the Roast Duck within your soul. If you lie perfectly still like the Roast Duck, your enemies shall trip over you and hopefully break their ribs or something.



Hey, Dullsuey! Am I rooting around like the mighty Pig?

Uhhh... very nice, Reeky. Listen everyone, I... uh... think your training is over with. You did very well. All of you, get going, okay?

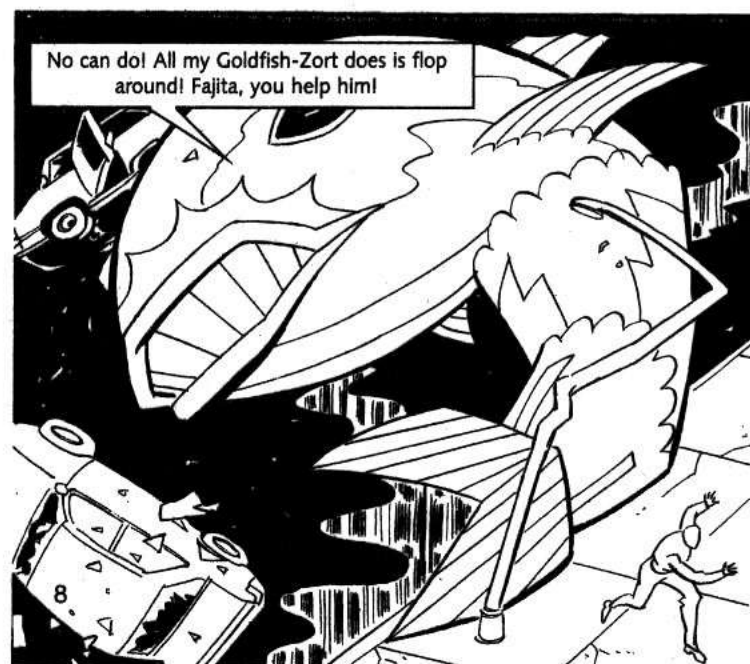
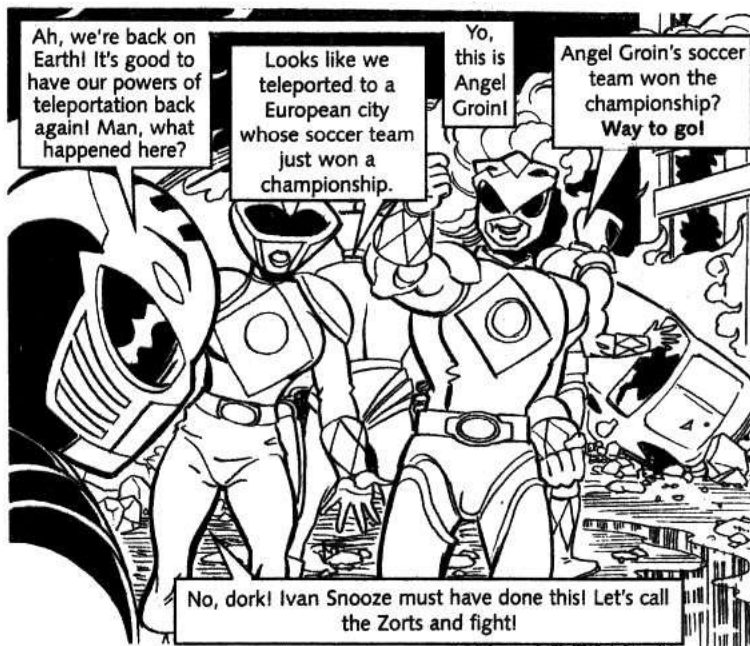
Hey, Dullsuey! Am I smashing my face into the bug zapper lamp like the Moth? Am I, huh? Am I?

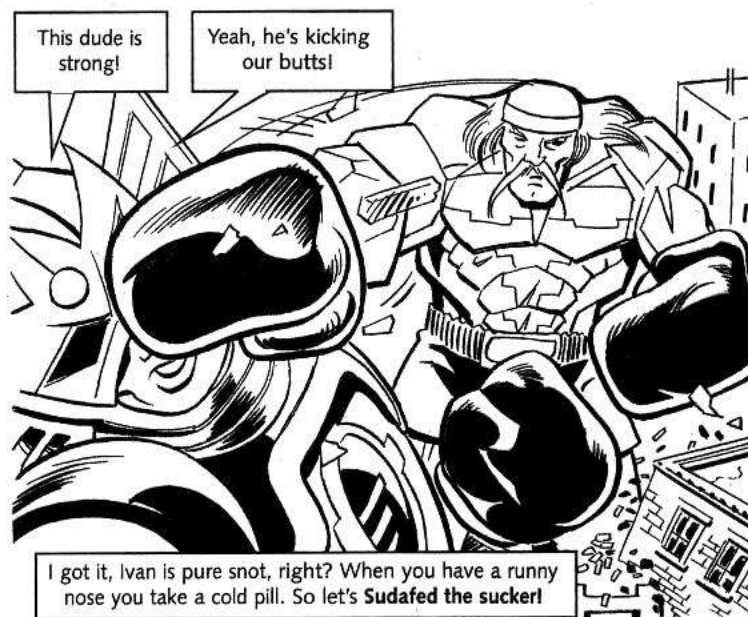
We did it!

Of course, we outnumbered them six to four.



If only villains learned to send six bad guys to fight the six of us, they'd totally mop the floor with us.





MODERN-DAY **Creatures** WE COULD DO WITHOUT...

SCARRIFYINGLY SINISTER SCRIPTER: SPARK

MONSTROUSLY MISSHAPEN MEDDLER: **PETE FERGALD**



MOBADONUS MAFIOSA

DESPITE HIS EFFORTS TO BE KING,
HE TELLS US THAT THERE'S NO SUCH THING;
NO DRUGS! NO GUNS! NO GIRLS! NO LOANS!
THAT ALL DIED OUT WITH AL CAPONE.
A BUSINESSMAN, HE'S NOW LEGIT;
HE'S NEVER AUTHORIZED A HIT.
AND THOUGH HE CHEATS AND STEALS AND LIES,
HE STILL MAKES REAL GOOD PIZZA PIES!

CELEBRITUS STARBORIUS

THIS MONSTER WITH HIS NAME IN LIGHTS,
GETS OFF ON FLASH BULBS BURNING BRIGHT;
DON'T ASK HIM FOR HIS AUTOGRAPH,
YOU'LL ONLY MAKE HIM SNEER AND LAUGH!
PLEASE TRY TO STAY BEHIND THE LINE
OR BODYGUARDS WILL BREAK YOUR SPINE;
HE REALLY CAN'T BELIEVE THE FUSS...
HE'D LIKE TO THINK HE'S ONE OF US.



ARTORIAL SLOBBINOWITZ

SEE THE BEASTLY MONSTER RANT
BECAUSE WE TOOK AWAY HIS GRANT!
HE THINKS THAT WE ARE AWFULLY MEAN
TO CALL HIS MASTERPIECE OBSCENE;
AND, WHILE HIS WORK IS HARDLY HIP,
HE TELLS US THAT IT'S CENSORSHIP;
IF HE CAN'T PROSPER, WE'RE TO BLAME,
HE DOESN'T WANT TO DIE FOR FAME.

DEALERING DIMWITTUS

ALTHOUGH WE TRY TO "JUST SAY NO",
THIS DEADLY BEAST IS ON THE GO!
HE STRUTS AND BRAGS, HE'S RATHER BOLD,
IN CHAINS OF FOURTEEN KARAT GOLD;
HE TELLS US THAT HE'S REALLY TOUGH,
BUT, FRANKLY, WE HAVE HAD ENOUGH;
WE'D LIKE TO SEE THE END BEGIN,
THE EARTH TO CRACK AND SUCK HIM IN!



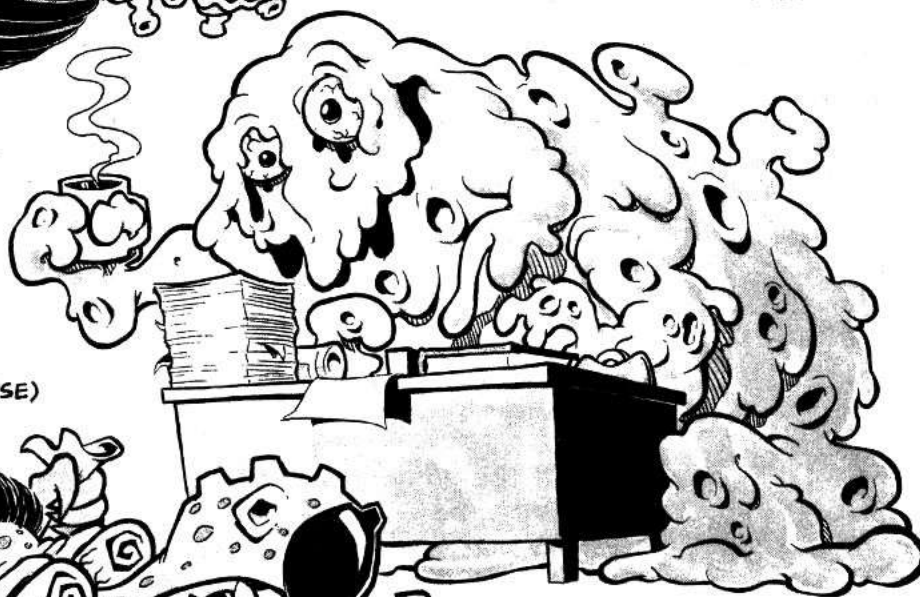
LEECHUS SUXDRIALOT

THIS CREATURE THINKS THAT LIFE IS GREAT,
BECAUSE HE SPONGES OFF THE STATE;
THE TAXES PAID BY ME AND YOU
ALL HELP TO SEE THIS BEASTIE THROUGH;
ALTHOUGH WE WORK AND PAY AND PAY,
HE HASN'T WORKED A SINGLE DAY;
BUT, WE KNOW HOW TO KILL THIS SLOB...
HE'D RATHER DIE THAN GET A JOB!



SLOMO DISSERVICE

THIS LAZY MASS, THIS BLOATED BLOB,
IS HAPPY AT HIS CUSHY JOB;
HE SITS BEHIND A CLUTTERED DESK
AND KEEPS US ALL A BIT PERPLEXED;
REGARDLESS OF OUR PRECIOUS TIME,
HE'LL STICK US IN A MILE LONG LINE;
AND THEN (JUST TO MAKE MATTERS WORSE)
HE MOVES FROM SLOW INTO REVERSE!



ROCKINROLLUS BIGBUX

HE VAINLY STRUTS AROUND THE STAGE
AND BELLOWS INCOHERENT RAGE;
BETWEEN EACH SONG, HE TAKES A PAUSE,
TO PLUG HIS CURRENT WORTHY CAUSE;
HE TELLS US WE SHOULD FEED THE POOR,
THEN MAKES TEN MILLION BUCKS PER TOUR;
THE TRUTH, MY FRIENDS, HIS ONLY GOAL
IS SEX AND DRUGS AND ROCK & ROLL!

moonlighting monsters

THE BRIDE OF FRANKENSTEIN - SHE'S A BATTERY TESTER FOR RADIO SHED.



THE FLY-TV OR MOVIE CENSOR.



DRACULA - DEMONSTRATES MATTRESSES AT THE TRANSYLVANIA T-MART.



THE INVISIBLE MAN - WORKS AS A MAGICIAN'S ASSISTANT.



FREDDY KRUEGER - GARDENER'S ASSISTANT, BERTHA'S BLOOMING NURSERY.



THE BLOB - WORKS AS A FAKE JELLO
DISPLAY IN A CATERER'S WINDOW.

IT LOOKS GOOD, AND IT KEEPS
THE PEST PROBLEM DOWN!



PINHEAD - WORKS AS A PIN CUSHION
FOR "CLOTHES ENCOUNTERS" DRESS SHOP.



CHUCKIE - HE'S A TOY IN A NURSERY
SCHOOL DAY CARE CENTER.

I CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT;
NO ONE WILL PLAY WITH IT!

COME HERE
YOU LITTLE
RUGRATS!



TOXIE - WORKS NIGHTS AS A LAMPPOST.



THE FRANKENSTEIN MONSTER - HIRES OUT TO FARMERS AS A SCARECROW.

OF COURSE, THERE'S
A DOWN SIDE... HE'S
SCARED AWAY ABOUT
A DOZEN MILK MAIDS!



Mummy's Day

Celebrated the third Sunday in May. True, it's the thought that counts and perhaps the gift helps, too. But most importantly, it's the wrapping!

"Hello" Week

Occuring in the last seven days of October, this is an occasion for all spooks, ghouls and monsters to masquerade as regular citizens for an entire week, greeting victims with a perfectly innocent "Hello!" before disemboweling them. Food for thought during the upcoming days before Halloween when you might want to think twice about answering anyone who greets you in a pleasant fashion!



Good Freddy

Springtime ritual in which a certain nightmarish trickster paints scary faces on eggs, then hides them where Easter basket-toting kiddies are sure to find them the following Sunday.

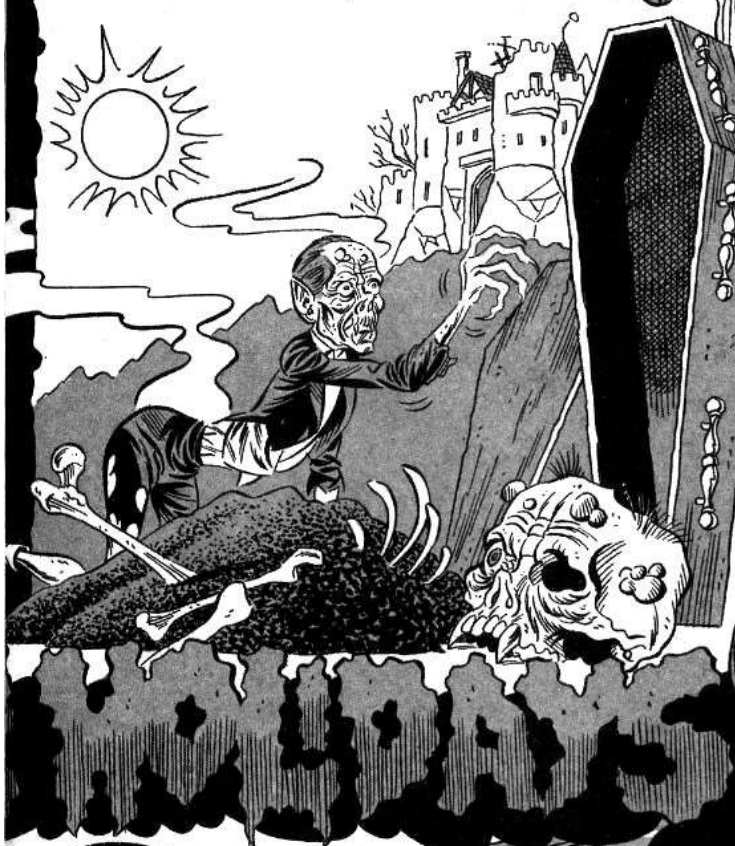


WRITER: PATRIC ABEDIN ARTIST: ROB ORZECZOWSKI



Ashes Thursday

A day of observance for those vampires who come home a wee bit too late from their Ash Wednesday celebration.



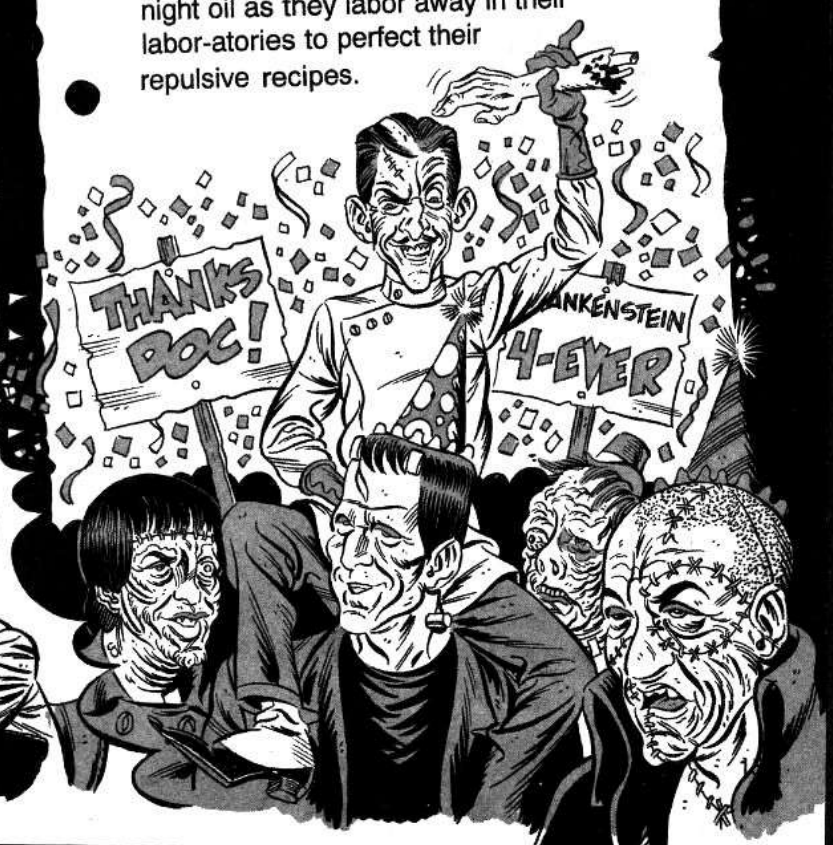
Valentine's Eve

Not unlike our own "daytime" celebration wherein we exchange hearts with our friends and loved ones. Well, there is **one** slight difference...



"Parts & Labor" Day

A time to honor those crazy creators who toil endlessly with "a dash of this and a foot of that...", burning their mid-night oil as they labor away in their labor-atories to perfect their repulsive recipes.



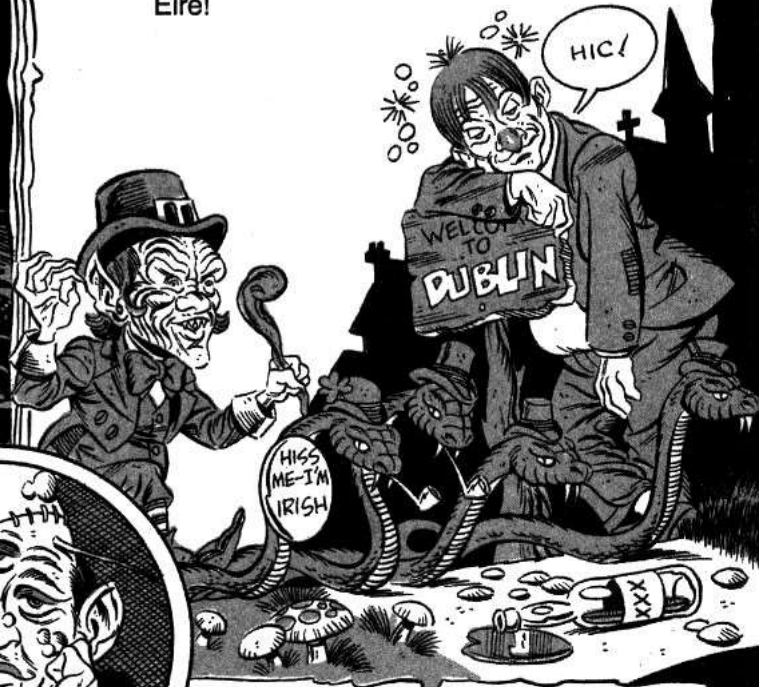
"Allen" Appreciation Week

One thing **you** should appreciate is that you're not listed as an item on the menu at the honoree's Banquet Dinner.



St. Patrick's Night

After partying mortals have passed out from the day's celebration, Irish monsters like to hold their own midnight parade... marching all the snakes that St. Patrick led out **back** into the land of Eire!



Pass Over

A festive sharing of food by all ghouls, spooks and monsters whereby any stranger at the door is invited in "for a bite." The holiday is named after the courteous manner of speaking at the dining table, such as "Pass over that leg, please," and "Would you be so kind as to pass over those lady fingers?"

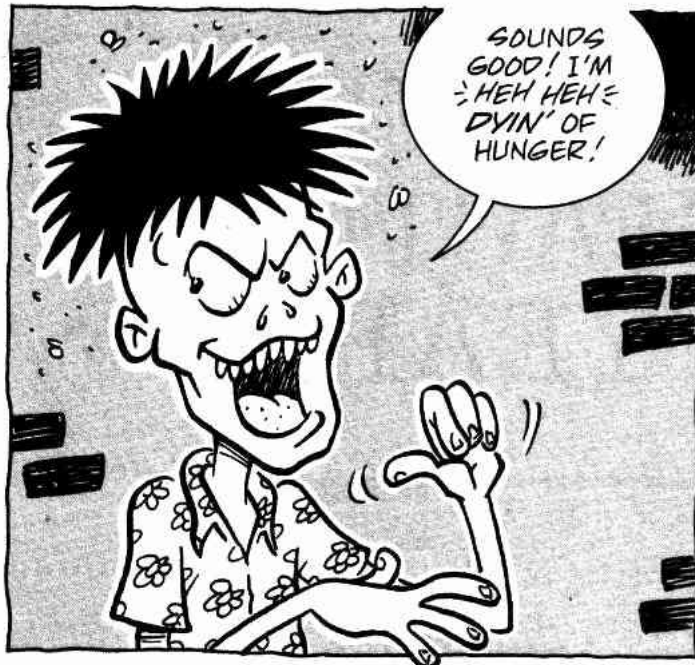
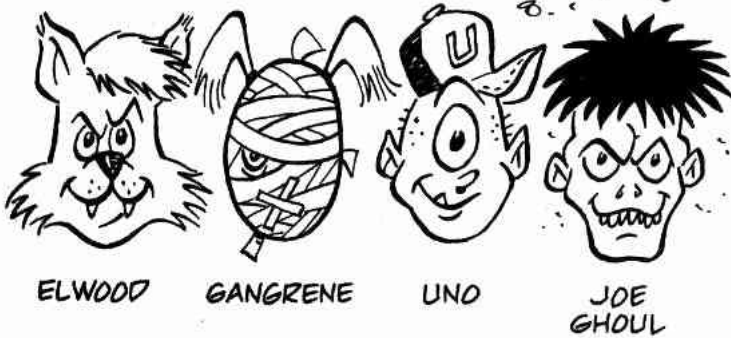


The Rice King Dance

No, not an event for vegetarian monsters, but a celebration honoring the royal horror couple themselves, writers Stephen King and Anne Rice. After all, where would modern day monsters be without them?



MONSTER KIDS



Extreme closeup. Hi, I'm Wain and this is my best buddy and most excellent co-interviewer, Girth. When **Cracked** asked us to conduct one of their idiotic interviews, I said, "We are not worthy." They said, "Worthy." I said, "No way!" They said, "Way." They finally convinced us to take the gig by giving us a box of doughnuts and pointing out that this would be an excellent opportunity for us to display our versatility to our many fans.

Sheeeeeeah!! Rrrriigggggh! They're gonna let us show **THAT** in this PG-rated magazine?

THUNK!

Our mission is to interview Mr. Stanley Schlockk who has the honor of being selected as...

DID YOU KNOW THAT FLUSH TOILETS HAVE BEEN IN USE FOR OVER 400 YEARS?

BAHNSA DOUGHNUTS

CRACKED'S KILLER CARD MANUFACTURER OF THE YEAR

WRITER: RICK KRIEGL

ARTIST: JOHN SEVERIN

Mr. Schlockk, you wouldn't happen to have an extra Wayne Gretzky rookie card lying around?

How many people did he kill?

He's a hockey player. You know... he shoots! He scores!

We don't do sports cards. We give the public what it wants, bloodshed and violence.

Sounds like a hockey game.

JACK

LIZZIE BORDEN

JOHN CALDS

WELTANG

POK!

How come you do cards featuring **murderers** instead of **sports stars**?

We used to print baseball cards, but our research department discovered that more kids carry **knives** and **guns** to school than **baseball gloves**. Besides, it's much easier to make a deal with a **sadistic killer** than today's **money-grubbing athletes**. Hey, those jocks are almost as greedy as I am.

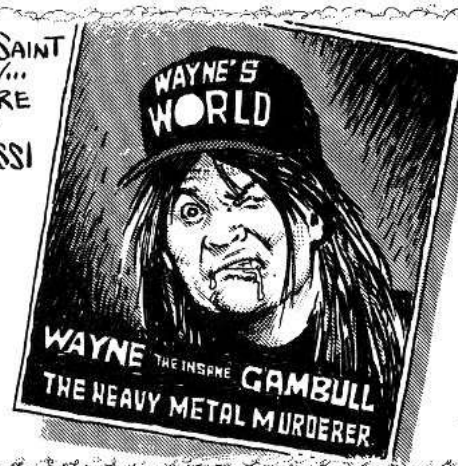
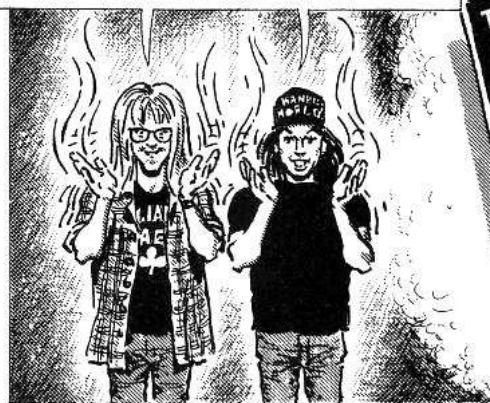


Do you think it's **cool** making heroes out of those killer dudes?

We're doing it for the **kids**. After all, not many of them are going to become **big time jocks** and be featured on a trading card, but any youngster, even the **class gimp**, can become a murderer and have his very own card. **Anybody** can be a superstar.



Diddle liddle la, diddle liddle la... dream sequence!



I hear the babes **really dig** these killer dudes.

You got that right; the bigger the **body count**, the more letters the ladies write. The killers get **marriage proposals**, **unprintable propositions** and even **nude photos**.

Schwinng!
Nude photos?
From
National Geographic?

Big time murderers are **babe magnets**, but a clean-cut straight shooter like my bud, Girth, can't get a date for New Year's Eve. I ask you, is there any **justice** in the world?

No wonder I'm **mental**.



Many of the ladies make **conjugal visits** to their favorite killer.



We learned that in English, how to conjugate a verb: like, I score... you score... we score.

No, my friend, that means the foxes visit the dudes in their cells and party.

Schwinnnng!

Do you get many complaints from parents for selling this type of material to kids?

You better believe it! Just look at all these letters. It's great for business; the more parents gripe about the cards, the more the kids will buy them.

Diddle liddle la diddle liddle la... dream sequence!

Party on, Wain, party on, Girth!

BAKKEA DOUGHNUTS

701230

70123

Mr. Schlockk, leading psychologists maintain that children who collect killer cards could develop serious mental problems.

Help me!

I wasn't aware of that.

Does that mean you'll stop printing these gruesome cards?

No, it means I'll start asking the shrinks for a kickback for all the business I'm sending their way.

Trading cards aren't just for children; many adults buy them as an investment. We issue these special Limited Editions for the serious collector.

What's the difference between a Limited Edition and regular cards?

WAREHOUSE

WARE YOU THINK IT IS?

SPECIAL LIMITED EDITION

There is none except the price. We charge five times as much for the Limited Edition.

I'm sure you're aware that several states are trying to pass laws **banning** killer cards.

You gotta love it. With all this **free publicity**, we can't keep up with the demand.

Of course, there's a bigger issue involved here than just **trading cards**. We're talking about the **First Amendment**.

Yeah, **right**. Uh, what's the **First Amendment**?

It's like **freedom of speech**; we had all that stuff about the **Constitution** in History.



History... Miss Cleavage was our teacher. RGGGGGHH, a mega babe!

Yes, though **mature**, she possessed a **most excellent** constitution.

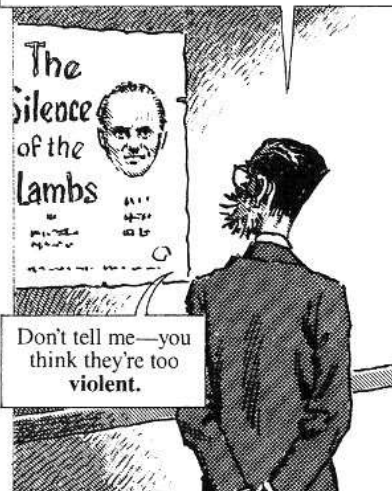
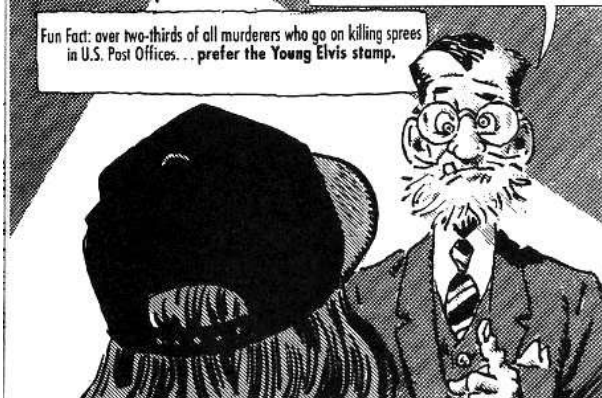
Besides politicians and complaining parents, what other **major problems** do you face?

Our **biggest** problem is keeping up with the public demand for more repulsive heroes. Unfortunately, superstars like **Jeffrey Dahmer** don't come along every day.

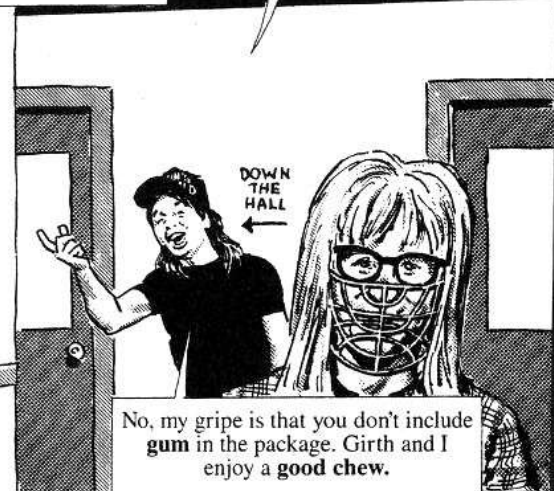
I don't see what the **fuss** is about. They make a **movie** about a guy who's a cannibal, and it wins all kinds of Academy Awards. I put out a **real-life card**, and people go **nuts**!

I see your point, but I do have a **major complaint** about your cards.

Fun Fact: over two-thirds of all murderers who go on killing sprees in U.S. Post Offices... **prefer the Young Elvis stamp**.



Don't tell me—you think they're too **violent**.



No, my gripe is that you don't include **gum** in the package. Girth and I enjoy a **good chew**.

What's the most **popular card** you ever printed?

The special **Ted Bundy AFTER** card.

After what?

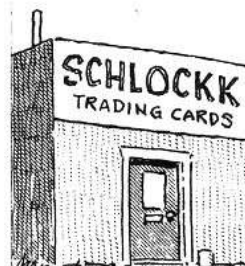
After he was **fried**.



YUK
URRRRP
BLECH
UH-BLEH
UPCHUCK
AWWK

Girth, I find it **disgraceful** that greedy people like Mr. Schlockk get rich glorifying **mass murderers**. It's enough to make one **blow chunks**. Cracked would **never** promote **violence** and **bloodshed** to sell more magazines.

That's what you think. Just look at the next article.



This is Girth and Wain, signing off.

TH'END

WHAT A RIOT!

Collect 'em! Trade 'em! Set this store on fire and steal 'em!

Writer: Steve Strangio
Artist: Bruce Bolinger



ROLLOVER

GOAL: To tip over every car he passes.

POWER: Can bench press a Buick.

WEAKNESS: Has a hard time with doorways.

FAVORITE EXPRESSION: UGH!!! OOF!!!

ROLLOVER has 234 tipped-over cars to his name. And most of the cars were in motion at the time, too. In between riots, ROLLOVER works as shock-absorber for tractor trailer-trucks.

INTERESTING FACT: The ROLLOVER type's arms usually explode by the age of 30 years old.



THE RUMOR MONGER

GOAL: To incite crowds by telling outrageous lies, devastating distortions, and monumental untruths...AS LOUDLY AS POSSIBLE!

POWERS: Voice can carry over several riot-strewn blocks and can make people believe whatever they want to hear.

WEAKNESS: Never knows when to stop. Usually gets shot in the head for being so annoying.

FAVORITE EXPRESSION: It's true! I'm tellin' ya! The cops have trained killer zombie mutants to come and get us! Why would I lie?! Huh?!

THE RUMOR MONGER is usually the one responsible for the escalation of any riot. Unfortunately, he's hard to find when the riot kicks into high gear, because he chickens out and goes to his house to watch the whole thing on cable.

INTERESTING FACT: THE RUMOR MONGER was the type whose butt you kicked in the playground.



OVERLY AMBITIOUS NEWS HOUND

GOAL: Ratings

POWER: Every television station in the world (and parts of the galaxy).

WEAKNESS: Dedication to "getting the story" actually blinds him to reality (and you can bean him in the head with a rock).

FAVORITE EXPRESSION: My God! The humanity! How's my hair?

INTERESTING FACT: He'll probably end up doing the weather report for a station in the middle of nowhere.



RIOT GEAR

RIOT GEAR

PADDLED HELMET—To guard from rocks, bottles, and flying body parts.

STICKY FINGER SPIKED GLOVES—In order to hold onto loot and threaten other looters.

JET ROLLER SKATES—For fast getaways.

TARGET VEST—To taunt police and impress your friends.

PROTECTIVE CUP—Use your imagination.

NIGHT VISION GOGGLES—For when the light of burning buildings doesn't illuminate your intended loot.

BOOBY TRAPPED SHOPPING CART—For others who dare to steal the stuff you already stole.

THE REBELLIOUS RANSACKER

GOAL: To steal everything that's not nailed down, pry up everything that is, and steal that too.

POWERS: Ability to carry the contents of an entire department store, leap tall riot barriers in a single bound, and run like a rabbit on fire when the television cameras show up.

WEAKNESS: Gravity. The weight of all that loot finally gets to him.

FAVORITE EXPRESSION: I'm stealing this toaster-oven as a means of protest! So there!

INTERESTING FACT: You can find him looking for a five-finger discount. He's addicted to the Home Shopping Network, but unfortunately, can never find a cubic zirconia in the middle of an angry mob.



POMPOUS POLITICO

POMPOUS POLITICO

GOAL: To hog the spotlight and make obvious statements while looking real serious.

POWERS: Persuasion, persecution, and perversion.

WEAKNESSES: Blind in one eye, deaf in one ear, and has a hole in the soul.

FAVORITE EXPRESSION: I'm right! You're wrong! Where's the camera?!

The **POMPOUS POLITICO** usually appears at the end of the riot and tries to find some sort of meaning to it all. He or she will soon take this information on a very lucrative lecture tour, do Phil and Oprah, and possibly get a sitcom deal.

INTERESTING FACT: This type's constant spewing of hot air has been scientifically proven to be a cause of global warming.

MONGO DESTRUCTO

GOAL: Destroy, crush, pulverize, mutilate, and do not-so-nice-things to anyone or anything that happens by.

POWERS: Can rip out your spleen and show it to you, likes to head-butt buildings, and uses tear gas for deodorant.

WEAKNESS: Has a brain the size of an amoeba.

FAVORITE EXPRESSION: ME LIKE PAIN! IT FUN!

This type is usually in the thick of the chaos and destruction. He thrives on demolition, and devastation. Basically, anything that starts with "d" and ends with "tion" is cool by him.

INTERESTING FACT: **MONGO DESTRUCTO** came from a broken home... because he broke it.



FLAMER

FLAMER

GOAL: To turn everything into one big weenie roast.

POWERS: Spouts flames faster than a dragon after eating Mexican food, ability to stare into the sun for over 5 hours, can recite all the lyrics from the dance hit "Disco Inferno."

WEAKNESS: Water, H₂O, liquid, a really damp sponge... you get the idea.

FAVORITE EXPRESSION: THE ROOF! THE ROOF! THE ROOF IS ON FIRE!

INTERESTING FACT: This type actually **LIKES** to have inflamed hemorrhoids!

MONSTER

- Contempt for harassing torch-bearing villagers 13%
- Disdain for annoying bloodhounds 7%
- Despondency over lack of sex appeal with chicks 50%
- Preoccupation with having unsightly head bolts 12%
- Penchant for picking up wardrobe at garage sales 8%
- Concern over having to take a blood test for marriage license 10%



MAD DOCTOR

- Concern over power blackout occurring during experiment 33%
- Anxiety over constant increases in the electric power rate 33%
- Annoyance with the rise in number of monster malpractice suits 16%
- Dissatisfaction with bumbling assistant 18%

Most of us are disinclined to waste
This hard-hearted attitude *might*
way of

WHAT GOES MONS MI

LAB ASSISTANT

- Jealousy over monster getting all the attention 25%
- Resentment over having to constantly dig up more body parts 23%
- Rage over lack of job pension plan & other fringe benefits 52%



FEMALE MONSTER

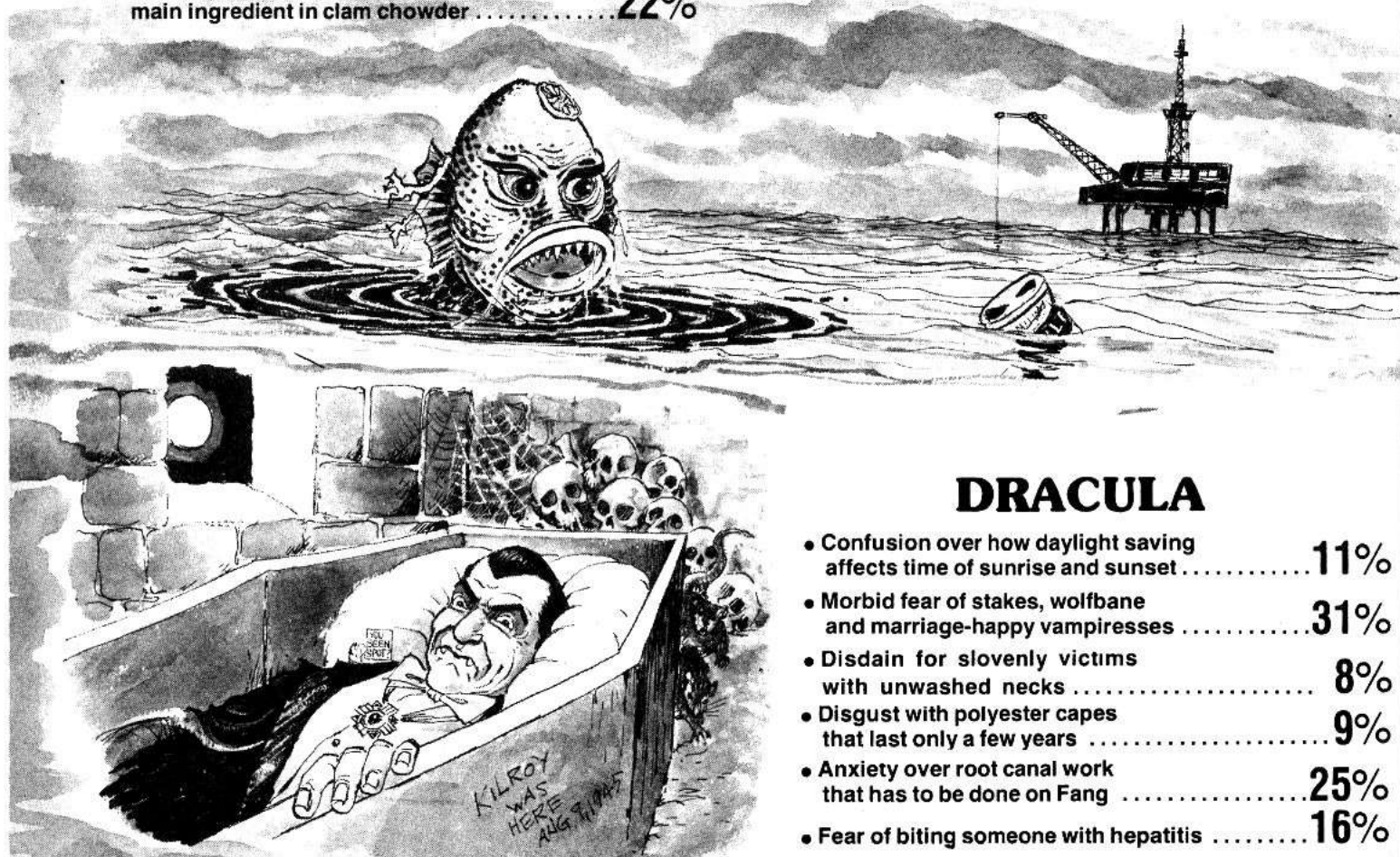
- Indignation over being given an Afro-hairdo 41%
- Curiosity over woman's lib position on female monsters 37%
- Impatience with the creepy guy in high-soled shoes who's giving her the eye 22%

any sympathy on movie monsters.
be corrected if we had some
finding out . . .

SON IN A TER'S ND

SEA CREATURE

- Loathing for water polluters 22%
- Annoyance at having to continuously
scrape off barnacles 14%
- Contempt for skin-diving spear gunners 11%
- Fondness for old Esther Williams movies 31%
- Apprehension at winding up as the
main ingredient in clam chowder 22%



KING KONG

- Infatuation with Fay Wray 19%
- Compulsion to climb tall buildings 17%
- Worry about where next meal of 10,000
Bananas is going to come from 51%
- Puzzlement over why firebirds attack him
every time he climbs the Empire State 11%
- Guilt over having to leave Queen Kong and
Kong Jr. back in the Congo 2%



DRACULA

- Confusion over how daylight saving
affects time of sunrise and sunset 11%
- Morbid fear of stakes, wolfsbane
and marriage-happy vampiresses 31%
- Disdain for slovenly victims
with unwashed necks 8%
- Disgust with polyester capes
that last only a few years 9%
- Anxiety over root canal work
that has to be done on Fang 25%
- Fear of biting someone with hepatitis 16%

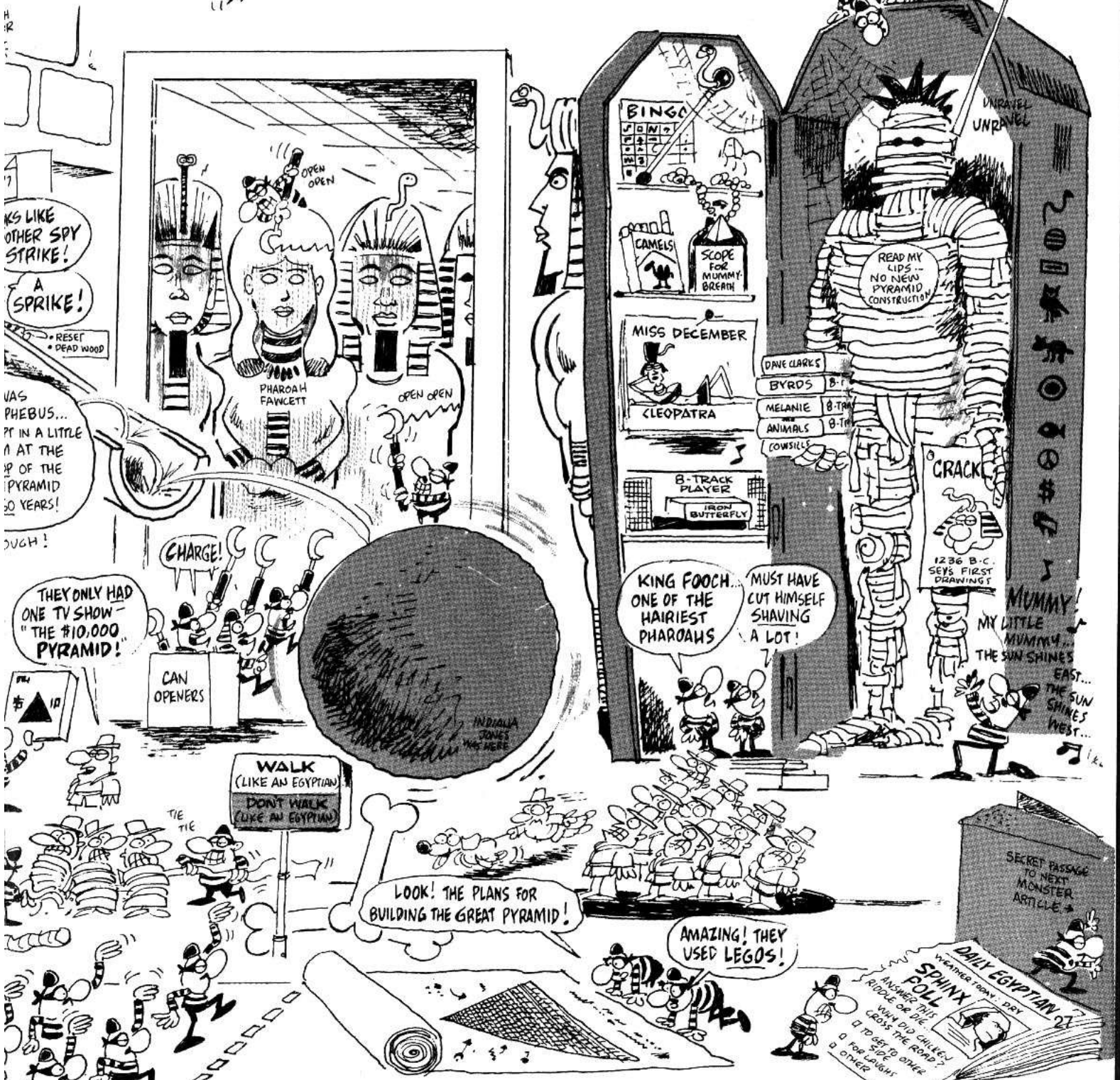
EGYPTIA



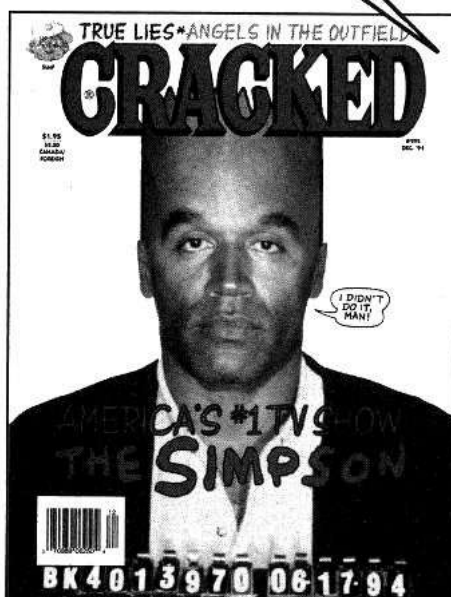
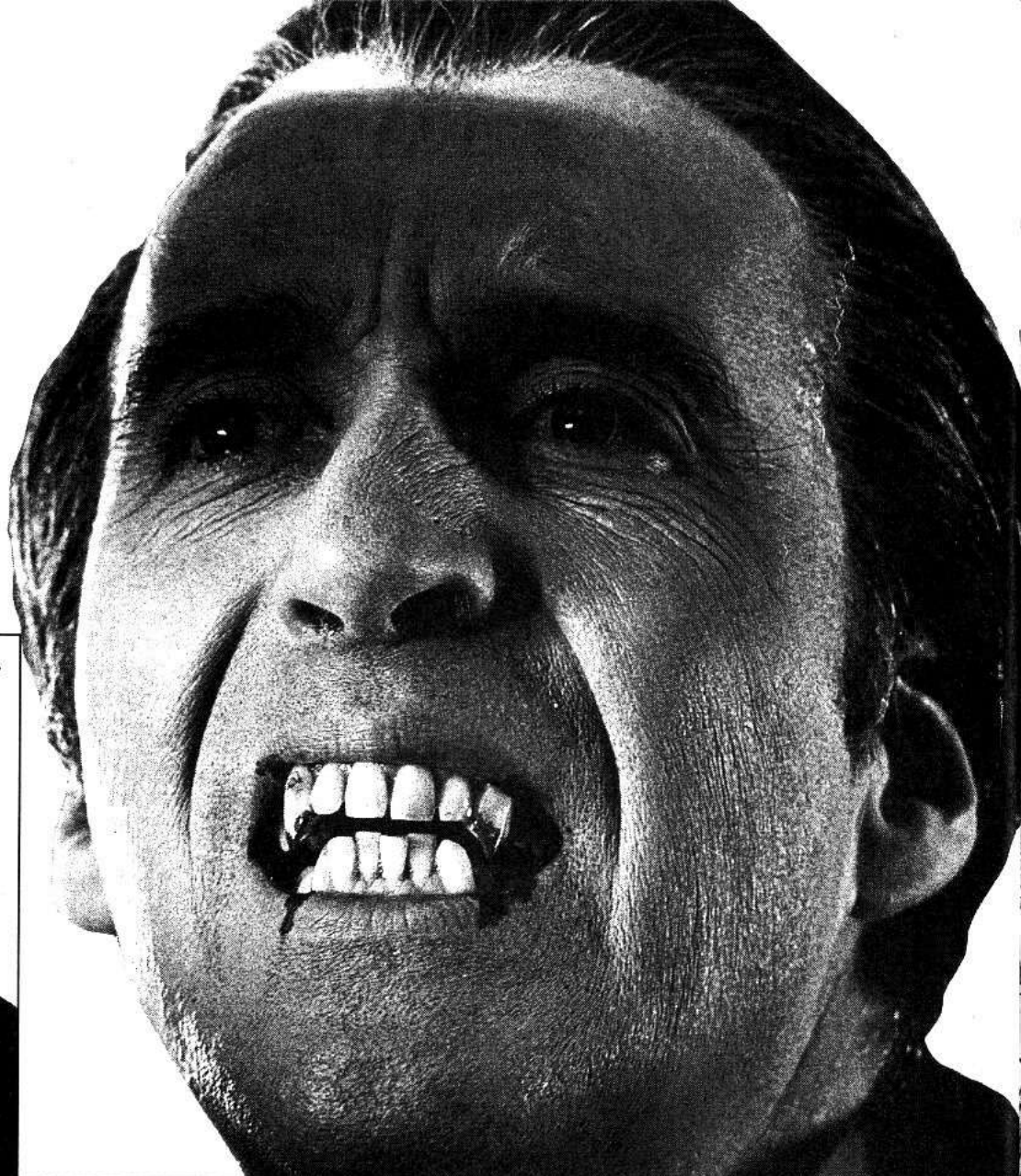
D SABOTEURS

N AN

N TOMB



IF YOU
THOUGHT
MONSTER PARTY
WAS BLOODY
FUNNY, JUST
WAIT UNTIL YOU
SINK YOUR
TEETH INTO
CRACKED!



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Old TV shows, unlike old soldiers, don't fade away. They're rerun forever on Nickelodeon, and some are recycled into movies. People rush to the theater and pay serious bucks to see the big screen version of a TV show they didn't even like. This makes as much sense as the new hit movie...

The Addled Family

WRITER: VIC BIANCO
ARTIST: WALTER BROGAN





We've been trying to contact my brother, Pester, from the Great Beyond, for twenty-five years.

Don't torture yourself, dear, that's my job. Think of the bright side: Pester probably went to the big Brimstone Pit in the ground.

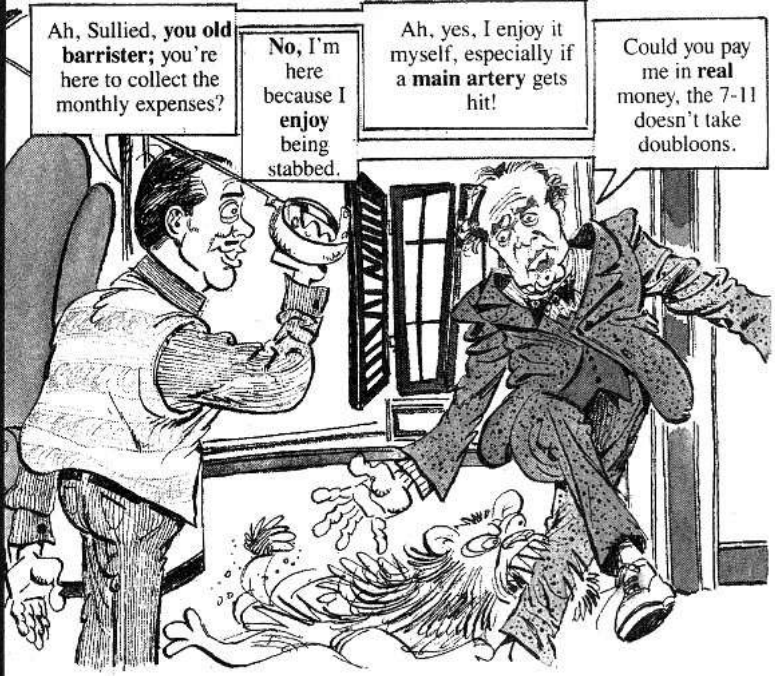
You're just trying to cheer me up.

Uh, Goremez ought to try Head 'N' Shoulders.



I'm looking forward to the day when we can rest alongside Pester. Think of it, my dear, our bodies in HIS and HER coffins, rotting together as maggots feast on our remains.

Goremez, you **really** know how to turn a girl on!

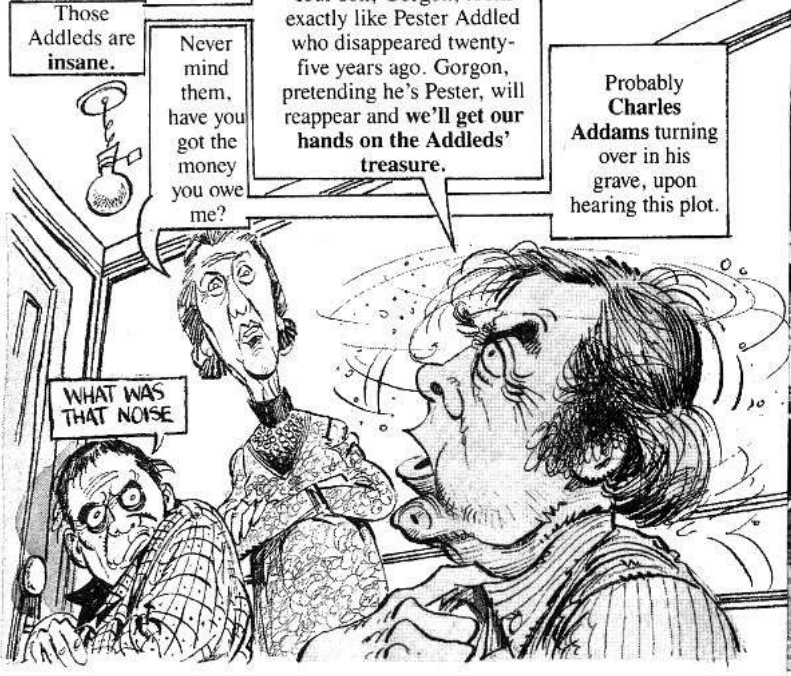


Ah, Sullied, you old barrister; you're here to collect the monthly expenses?

No, I'm here because I enjoy being stabbed.

Ah, yes, I enjoy it myself, especially if a main artery gets hit!

Could you pay me in real money, the 7-11 doesn't take doubloons.



Those Addleds are insane.

Never mind them, have you got the money you owe me?

I'll get it. I have a plan. Your son, Gorgon, looks exactly like Pester Added who disappeared twenty-five years ago. Gorgon, pretending he's Pester, will reappear and we'll get our hands on the Addleds' treasure.

Probably Charles Addams turning over in his grave, upon hearing this plot.

WHAT WAS THAT NOISE



Think of it, Gorgon, we'll be rich! No more loan sharking or running rigged Bingo games. My son, we're going for the gold!

Are we going to enter the Olympics?

No, you idiot, we're going to get the gold in the Addled family vault!

Shoot, I wanted to win a medal in Javelin Catching.



Pester, we're calling you hoo hoo hoo!

Pester Added, I command you to answer!

I think I feel his presence. Oh, it's you. Thang, behave yourself!

Wait, did you hear that? It's Pester!



Pester, is it really you?

Of course it's me. Who were you expecting, Patrick Swayze?



Goot-effenink, I am Dr. Fershtunkoff! Ve found your brother in a fish net in the Bermuda Triangle.

We spent our honeymoon there and then we went to the Black Hole of Calcutta.

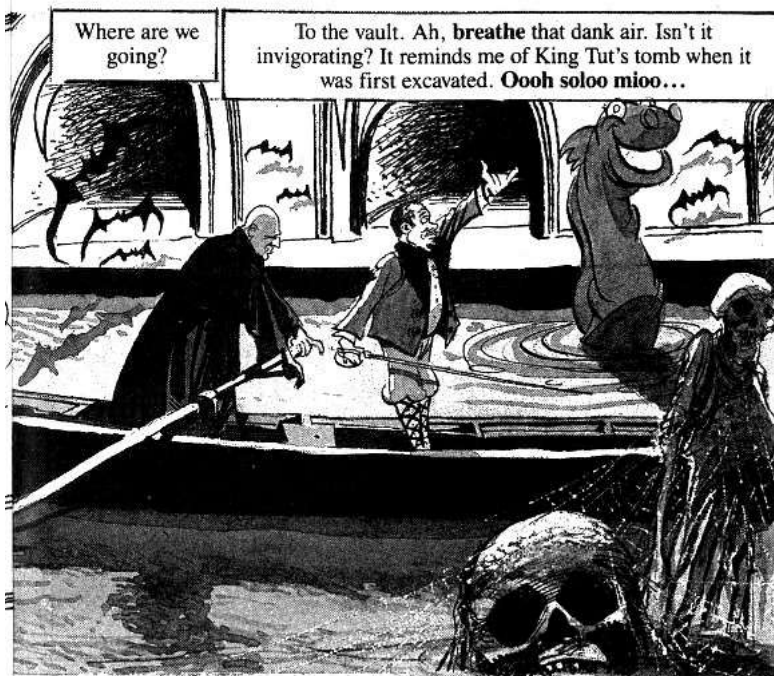
How romantic! Anyway, the fishermen wanted to can Pester, along with the tuna and the dolphins! Der Game Warden released him to me.

I'll bet he would have made a delicious tuna salad...



Ah, Pester's blood-curdling screams are music to my ears!

He must be having a pleasant dream, poor dear.



Where are we going?

To the vault. Ah, breathe that dank air. Isn't it invigorating? It reminds me of King Tut's tomb when it was first excavated. Oooh soloo mioo...



Remember the combination? **One left for Uncle Cyclops, three right for our Siamese triplet cousins and what's the last number?**

Uh, seven...?

No, dummy, it's the number of toes on each of your feet... 13!



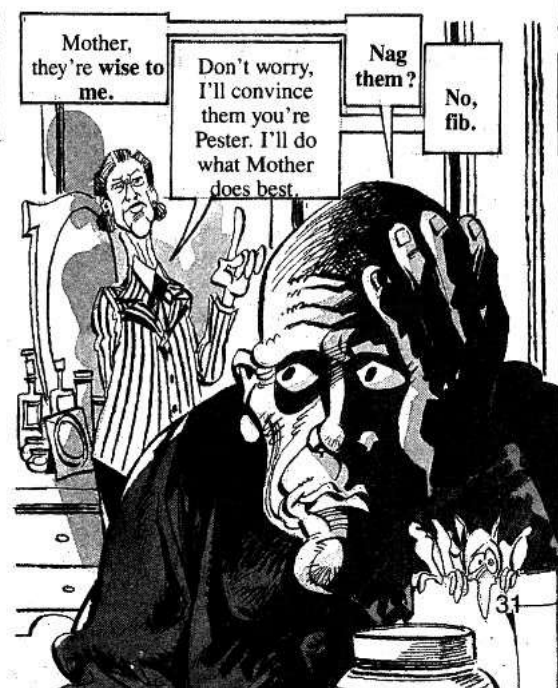
He forgot the combination? That's not my brother; he's a fake, a fraud.



Children, are you fighting?

No, we're playing IS THERE AN AFTERLIFE?

That's nice, but please play outside. Your father can't hear himself scream.



Mother, they're wise to me.

Don't worry, I'll convince them you're Pester. I'll do what Mother does best.

Nag them?

No, fib.

You are rejecting your brother because of guilt feelings. You **love him** but you drove him away. You are suffering from a love-hate guilt complex, Dr. Ruth's Syndrome.

Thank you, Doctor.

For resolving your problem?

No, for telling me I'm suffering.

Dearest, let me share your agony, please!!



Tonight the children are in a play at school.

Good, while the family's away, we'll steal their treasure!

But I'll miss the play...

What's wrong with you, have those idiots **brainwashed** you? No, that's impossible, you haven't got a brain.

I'm Mrs. Baker. Ughley's teacher. He's a bright boy but seems to have some problems. He brought a fire-eating dragon to Show and Tell and almost burned the school down.

The play is about to begin: please take your seats.



He's a chip off the old block.



Friday and Ughley Addled will do a scene from *The Exorcist*.

Where are you people going? Next they're going to do a scene from **HENRY VIII AND HIS WIVES**: with a real ax!

Tush. I was so proud of the children tonight.

Weren't they wonderful? Goremez, when was the last time we waltzed like this?

At your twin sister Cher's funeral. You were so ravishing, everyone wanted to dance with **you** instead of the corpse. We shall waltz again, at a welcoming party for Pester.





Sabu,
how
you've
grown!

Yes, Aunt
Mortusha,
I'm no
longer an
Elephant
Boy. I'm an
Elephant
Man!

Cousin
Hannibal. I
made your
favorite
recipe for
dinner...

You
look
great!!

Yes, the
hump
transplant
was a
great
success.

I lost
my
contact
lens...

Cousin
Cady, you
look very
picturesque!

Goremez,
you must
come to
the Cape
for a visit.
Bring the
family!!

Would
you, uh,
care to
dance?

No,
we're
saving
this
dance for
Pester.

Yes, now that
he's back, the
Addled family
fortune **belongs**
to him because
he's the oldest
brother.

I've got good news: it's a lawyer's
dream! We don't have to rob the vault.
we can steal the treasure legally.
Since Pester is the oldest, everything
belongs to him.

Ah, the
traditional
sword dance.
the
Bloodbushka!

Nobody
throws a party
like
Goremez...

Leave?
But this is
my house!

It belongs to
Pester and he
wants you
out.

But where
shall we
go?

There's a
vacancy at
the Bates
Motel.

Thang, give
me a hand
with the
packing.



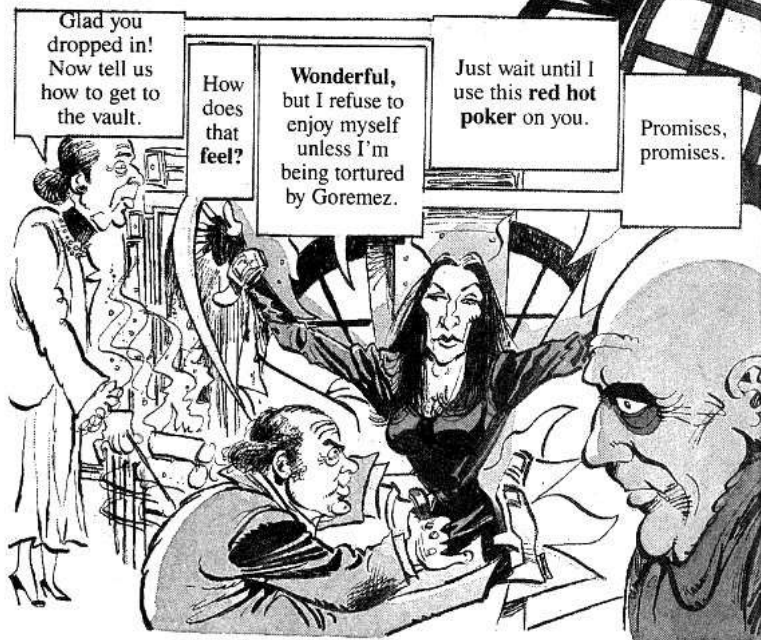


I suppose I should be happy. Goremez has turned into every woman's nightmare, a couch potato.

It's a real nasty day; could we have a picnic at the cemetery?

What... and miss Jeopardy?

I'm going to see Pester, maybe he'll let us come back.



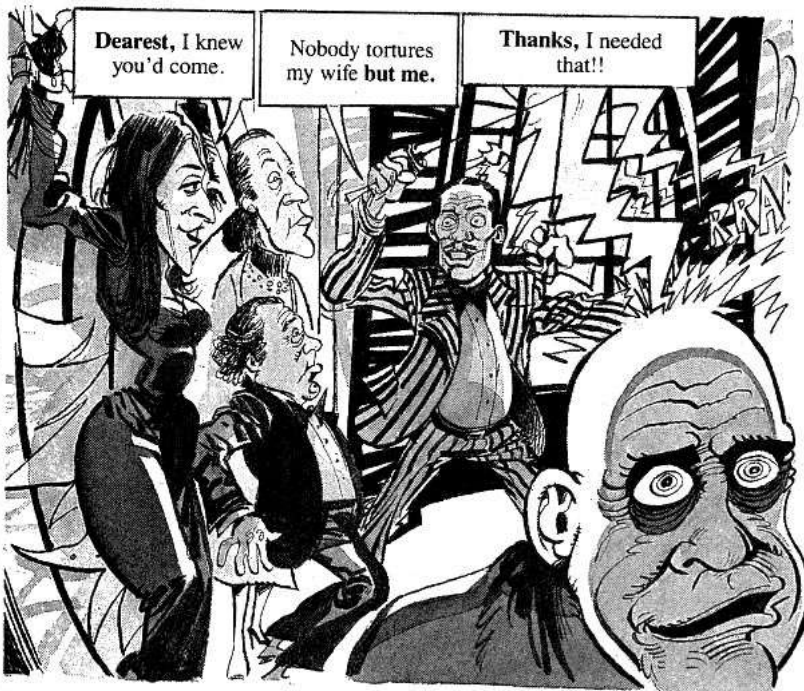
Glad you dropped in! Now tell us how to get to the vault.

How does that feel?

Wonderful, but I refuse to enjoy myself unless I'm being tortured by Goremez.

Just wait until I use this red hot poker on you.

Promises, promises.



Dearest, I knew you'd come.

Nobody tortures my wife but me.

Thanks, I needed that!!



Gorgon, put that book down.

I'm not Gorgon, I'm Pester!

I should have left you in that fish net, where I found you, twenty-five years ago!



Well done, old man...

Ah, such shrieks, they could wake the dead.

We only do that on Halloween and Jack the Ripper's birthday, Mon Cher!

Dad, wait until you see who's outside.

YES THEY ARE.



Why are you chasing us, we are one of you?

We spent an eternity frightening people. Now, thanks to you, they're laughing at horror films.

I'll throw you in the sulphur pit.

I'll tear you limb from limb!

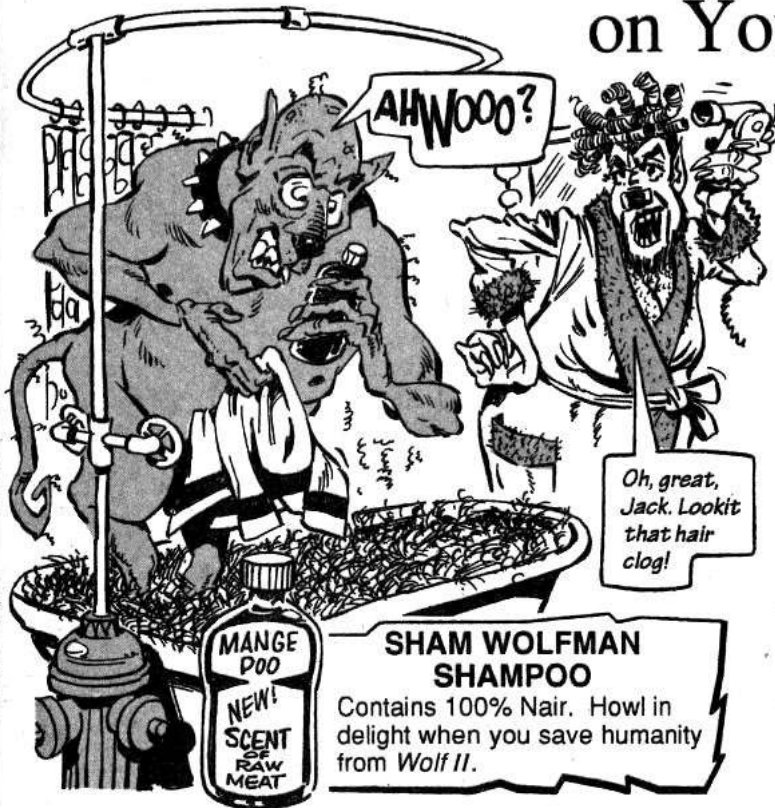
Sounds wonderful, I can hardly wait until they catch us!!

MONSTROUS

Written and drawn by
that open running sore:
Bruce Bolinger

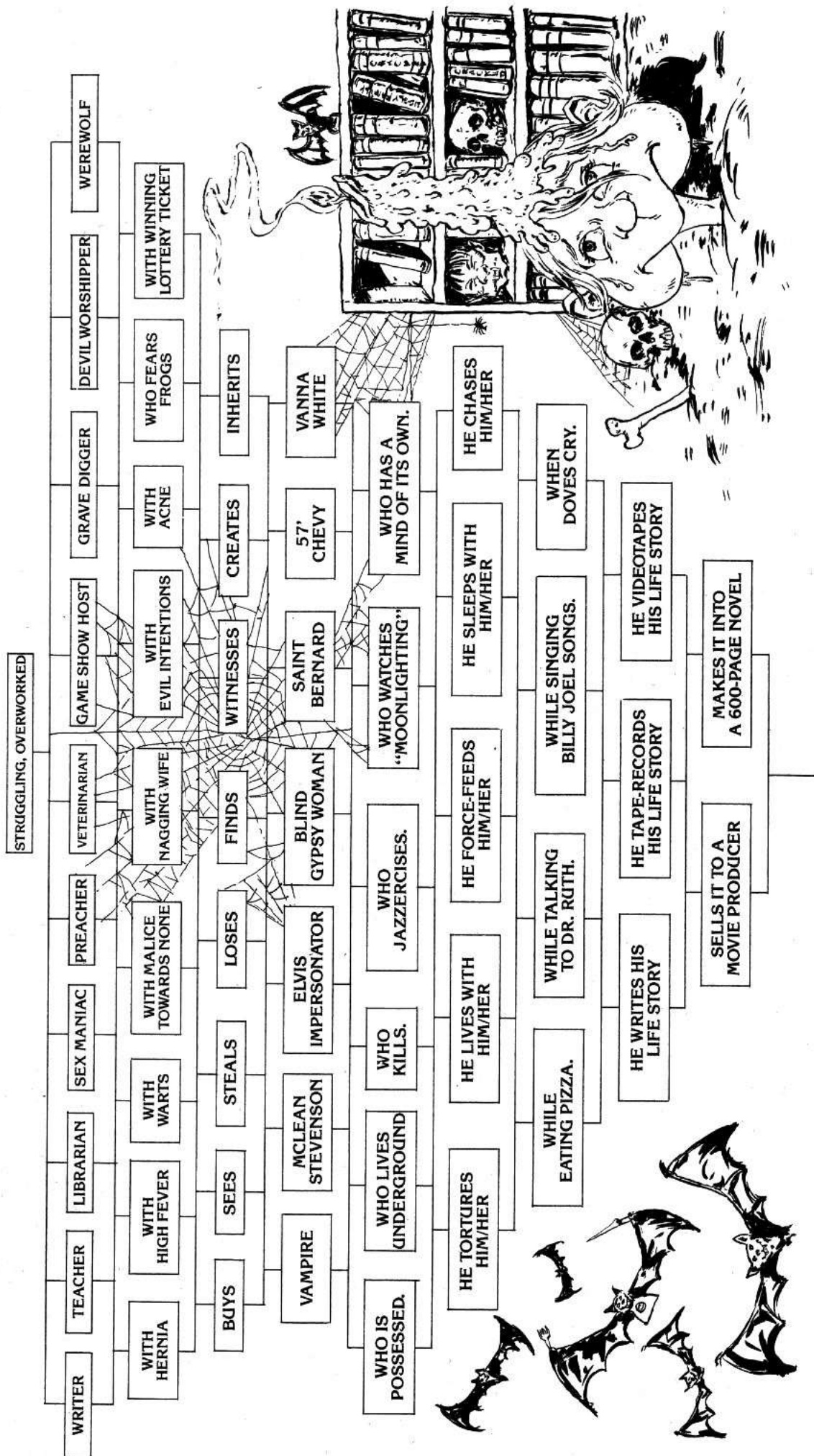
PRACTICAL JOKES

Disgusting Get-Evens to Use
on Your Favorite Freak. . .



YOU CAN WRITE LIKE STEPHEN KING!

PETER DULLIGAN artist



IT BECOMES A
MAJOR MOTION PICTURE

AND MAKES STEPHEN
KING
NINE MILLION DOLLARS



In a 1979 movie, we were first introduced to a weird-looking creature. No, we don't mean Sigourney Weaver, who portrayed Lieutenant Ripley, we're talking about the ALIEN. Ripley's entire crew was wiped out; only she and her pet cat escaped the slimy clutches of THE ALIEN.

We did it!
We escaped!

MAN, WHAT A BUM TRIP, FIRST I HAD TO DEAL WITH THAT YECCHY THING AND NOW SIGNOREY IN HER SKIVVIES. WHERE'S THE ASPCA WHEN YOU NEED IT?

FOOP!

A few years later, there was the inevitable sequel. This time the Alien wasted an entire company of tough Marines but failed to zap Sigourney, a kid and an android.

We made it!

Big deal, in the next film I get to play a dead body. I gotta get a new agent.

What are you complaining about? Look at the half-assed part I got.

BELIEVE IT OR NOT, Ripley's back on the big screen this summer with another installment. This film is more suspenseful and exciting than the first two—NOT! The other Alien movies left us terrified and breathless, but this one leaves us...

ALIENATED 3

TONY FRANK, writer

JOHN SEVERIN, artist

Are there any survivors?

Yes, one's alive. I think it's a woman but I'm not sure; I haven't seen one in 25 years.

Maybe Leona Helmsley was transferred here.

Wait, she's saying something.

Where am I? Jeez, is this a Hare Krishna convention or are you having a Michael Jordan look-alike contest?

That dog is acting strange.

HEY, MAN, YOU'D ACT STRANGELY TOO IF ONE OF THEM SLIMEY COCKER-ROACHERS INVADDED YOUR BODY!

WELCOME TO THE DOUBLE Y CHROMOSOME DUDE RANCH & PENAL COLONY

THE PLANET FREEDONIA...
HYPERTENSION GALAXY...
MAXIMUM SECURITY FACILITY...

SHIP WILL CRASH...
TIME OF DAY:
1205 PM EST...
SLIGHTLY LATER ON COAST...
CONSULT YOUR TV DIRECTORY FOR TIME ON YOUR PLANET...

GUESS WHAT'S ON BOARD!!!

BEH-D-BI

You've crashed on Freedonia, a prison colony. All the inmates are convicted sex fiends.

But you don't have to worry, we're all born-again virgins and have taken a vow of celibacy.

Just my luck. I've been in hyper-sleep and I haven't seen a man for eons and I get ship-wrecked with a bunch of monks.

I'm Clements, the Chief Medical Officer. I had to cut your hair: we have a lice problem.

I hope you're a better surgeon than you are a beautician. This haircut is bad enough but I refuse to wear this bra. I don't care if the director made his rep doing Madonna videos.

I have a feeling he'll be back making videos after this.

Where's the little girl?

She's in the morgue.

Is she dead?

No, we put her in there for being naughty. Of course she's dead.

We need an autopsy, in case she died of a communicable disease.

What? Measles, chicken pox, yeast infection, the heartbreak of psoriasis?

How about a slimy, four-legged, acid-dripping parasite that bursts out of a person's chest?

The dog just had a pup that looked like that. Funny thing is, I always thought he was a male dog.

What happened to the creature?

How should I know? He killed three of me mates and disappeared.

I've got to repair the android so I can access the flight recorder.

Let's see, according to the manual, the jawbone's connected to de skull bone, de skull bone's connected to de neck bone.....





How do you feel?

Almost as bad as you look.

You must be in real pain. What caused the ship to crash?

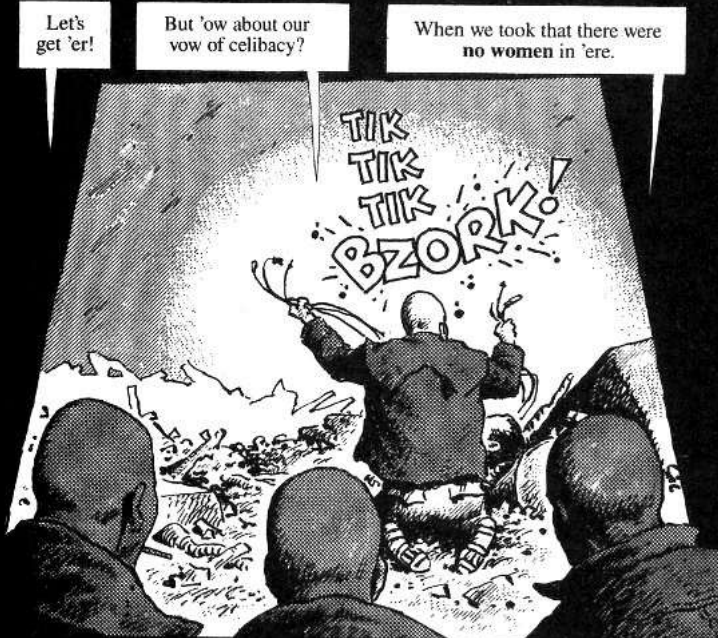
Surprise...there was an Alien aboard.



Please disconnect me.

No, I'll bring you home and take you to Mr. Goodwrench. They have the **technology**, the **knowledge** and the **Legos** to repair you.

It's no use, my warranty expired 57 years ago.



Let's get 'er!

But 'ow about our vow of celibacy?

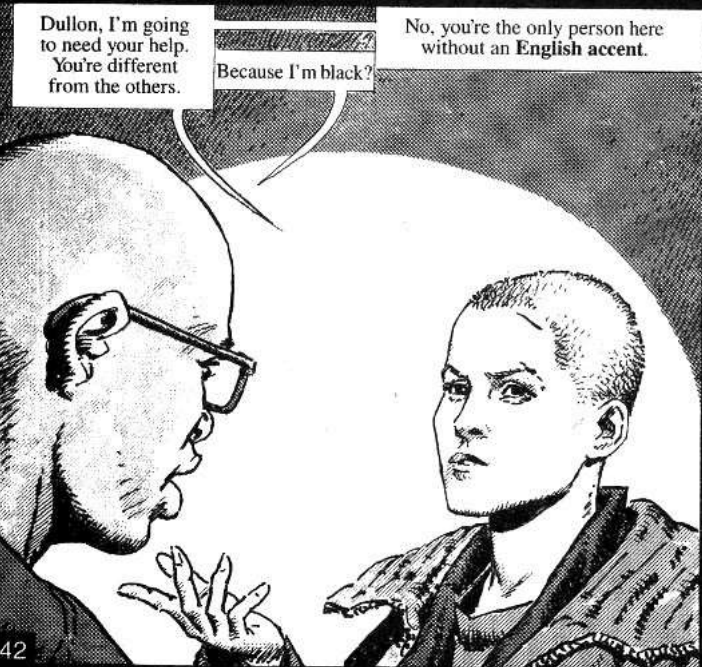
When we took that there were **no women** in 'ere.



Cut it out!

Thank God you're here to rescue me.

You? I came to rescue them.



Dullon, I'm going to need your help. You're different from the others.

Because I'm black?

No, you're the only person here without an **English** accent.



It's here! What kind of weapons do you have?

We don't have any.

You call this a prison? **No weapons? No cable TV? No Rec Room? No conjugal visits? No weight room? Just wait until the ACLU hears about this!**

How did you end up in this hellhole?

I was the most promising physician since Doogie Howser, but I got bombed one night, prescribed the wrong drug, and twelve of my patients died.

It wasn't that. I had forgotten to pay my malpractice premiums.

So you couldn't settle the lawsuits?

Worse, I couldn't pay my lawyer. So here I am.

That's ridiculous. Doctors are never jailed just for killing patients.

Wow! Talk about your quickie romances!

Chaps, we have to put an end to these bloody rumors. Sure, several of your mates have been slaughtered; I'm sure one of you blokes did it. Let's face it, you're all nuts. But believe me, there is no creature.

The Alien is here! It just killed Clements!

Yeech. You really ought to do something about your breath.

Who are you going to believe, me or her?

We can lure the Alien through the air ducts into the lead mold room, and pour hot lead on it.

What do we use for bait?

Guess who?

You mean us? Sounds good to me, but what do we know, we're freaking head cases.

Blimey! And I was gonna vote to believe him.

MAD ABOUT THOSE DOGS

I have one of those things inside me.

Are you sure?

Yes, the stick turned blue. I want you to kill me.

PREGNANCY TEST

There's no fun in killing somebody who wants to die. Okay, I'll do it, but let's get that big mother first.

Whose stupid idea was this?

Probably the same guy who drew up the game plan for Buffalo in the last Super Bowl.

We got him! Pour the lead!

Holy Stephen King, he's coming out!

Turn on the water!

This is a helluva time to get thirsty.

EXPLODE!!

KLA-BOOM!

No, when the cold water hits that hot lead, he'll—

Now for my Schwarzenegger ripoff to terminate this thing.

Are you from the Company?

Dripley...

No, I represent the Committee for Good Old-Fashioned American Family Values, and we feel that you unmarried mothers, especially role models like yourself, are a major cause of the problems and unrest in our inner cities.

Don't listen to him, Dripley. You're a woman and you have a right to choose.

Husbands, who needs 'em.

You got that right, Murph.



IT'S AN IT!



OUR BABY
ALIEN ALBUM



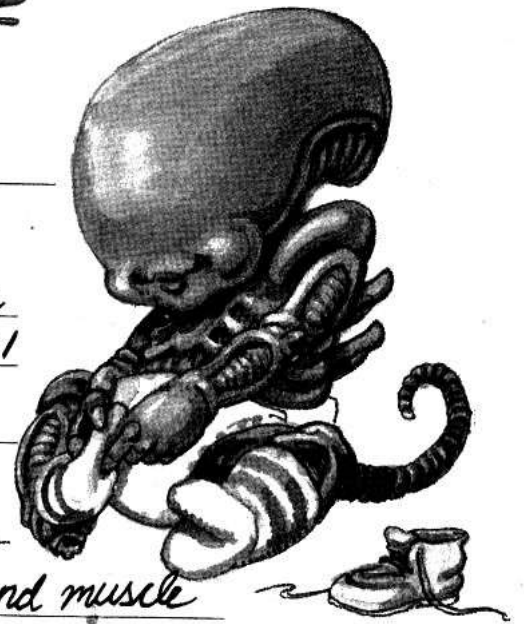
Artist, Rurik Tyler Writer, Andy Simmons

ERUPTED FROM CHEST ON _____ THE _____
OF _____

HOSPITAL The planet Fiorina, Hyperion
Galaxy, maximum Security Prison, Fury 161

MEDIC _____

NOTES Very painful. Lost a lot of blood and muscle
tissue as well as a few ribs.



ODE TO A BABY ALIEN

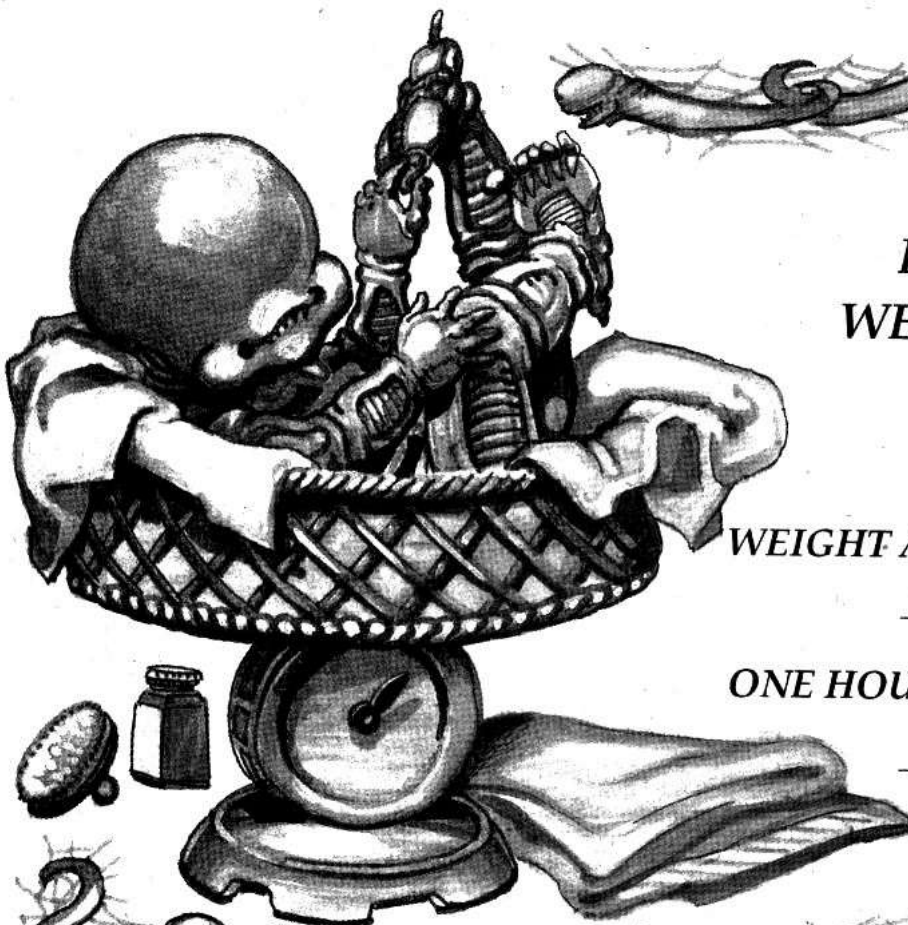
Oh Little one, oh little one,
Mommy's little creature.
So brackish and ugly,
It's surely nice to meetcher.

Like a man eating butterfly,
You really were a pest.
I carried you and lugged you
'Till you burst out of my chest.

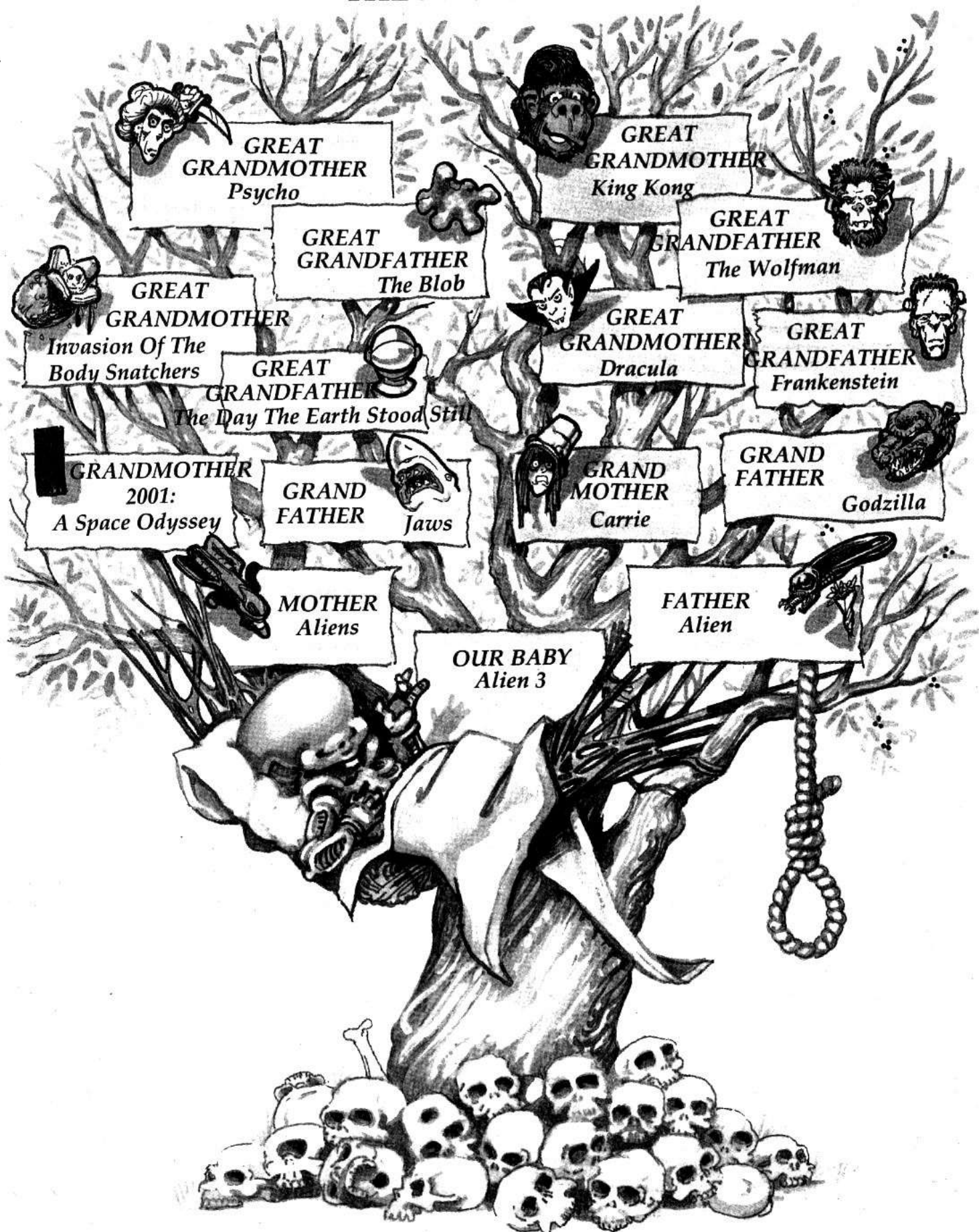
BABY'S BIRTH WEIGHT AND SIZE

WEIGHT AT BIRTH 6 lbs. 8 ozs.

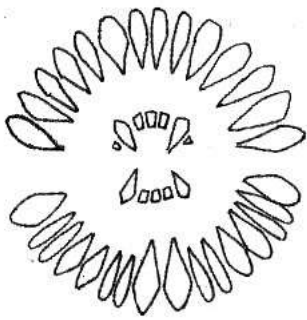
ONE HOUR LATER 2 tons, 487 lbs.



THE FAMILY SHRUB



BABY'S HOOOF PRINT



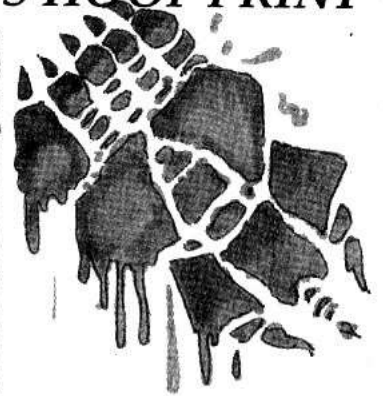
FIRST TEETH

EYES yes

HAIR No

EARS Not sure

TEETH Lots



BIRTH ANNOUNCEMENT

EVACUATE THE CITY!

**BABY ALIEN
WREAKS
HAVOC!!**



BABY'S WELCOME

MOTHER SAID "What the ...!" Mommy was so happy
when her little alien was born she killed herself

FATHER SAID "Gggrrraaaaarrgghhhh..."

Daddy was so proud he killed everyone else!"



Smile for the camera!



The proud parents!

OUR BABY LOOKS LIKE It has Daddy's mouth but Mommy's hair.

BABY'S MEMORABLE FIRSTS

KILLED FIRST HUMAN Early on

DISCOVERS OWN VOICE AND SCREAMS

UNCONTROLLABLY Immediately

SNEERS It's its way of smiling

HANDLES OBJECTS THEN CAVES

PEOPLE'S HEADS IN WITH THEM

BURSTS OUT OF CHEST UNINVITED Day One

LAUGHS ALOUD Rarely

MAKES KNOWN LIKES AND DISLIKES

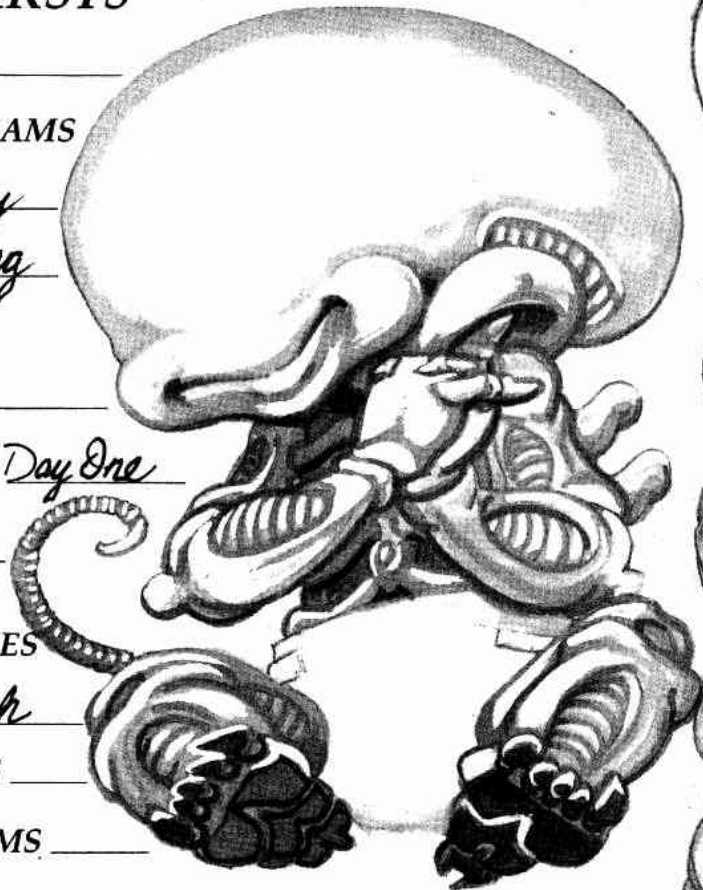
Doesn't seem to care for much

IMITATES GROWLS AND SCREAMS

TAKES FIRST STEP TOWARD VICTIMS

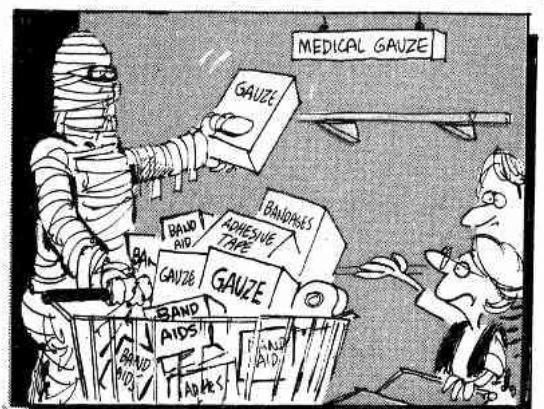
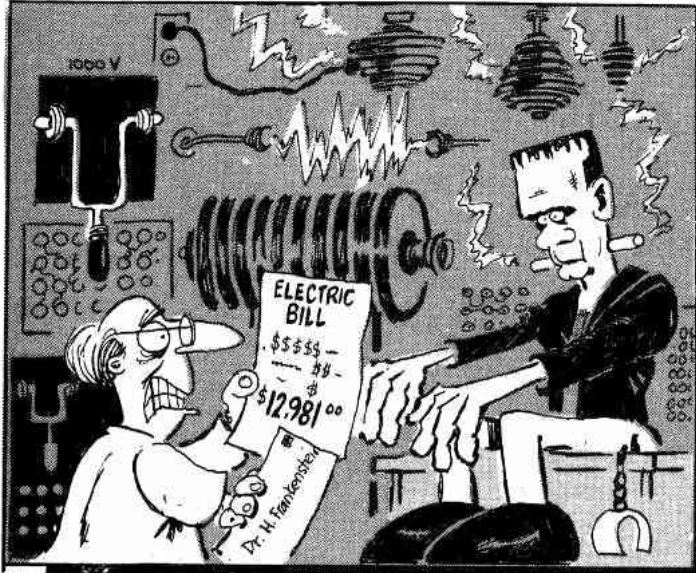
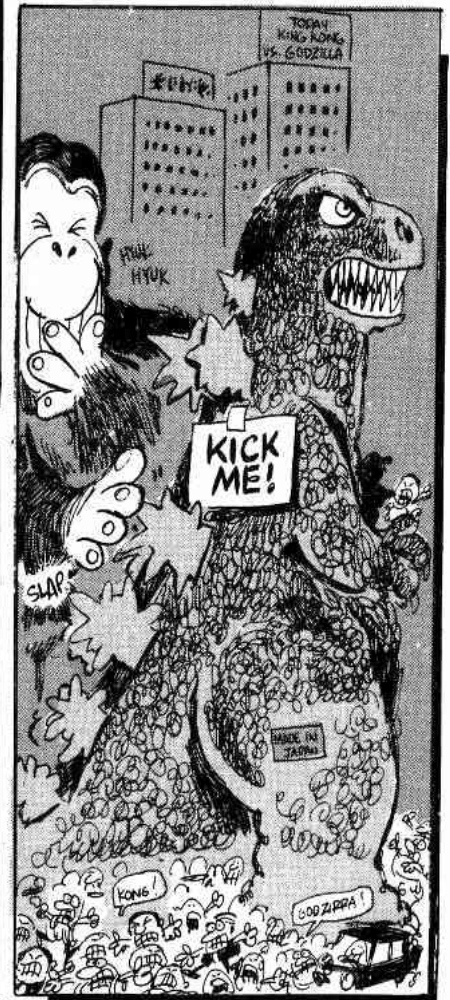
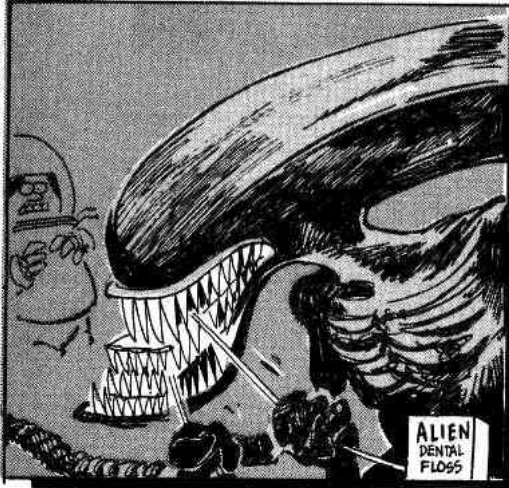
RESPONSE TO PETS Kills them

RESPONSE TO ADULTS OTHER THAN PARENTS Kills them

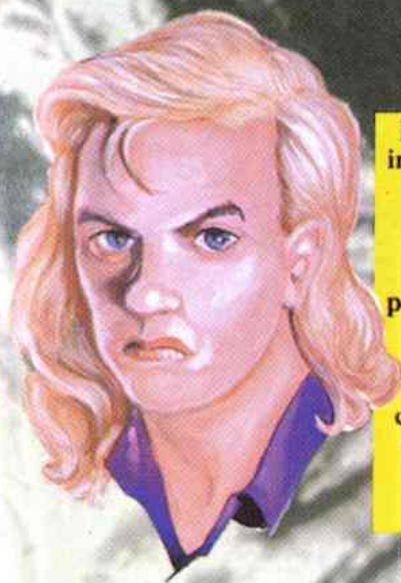
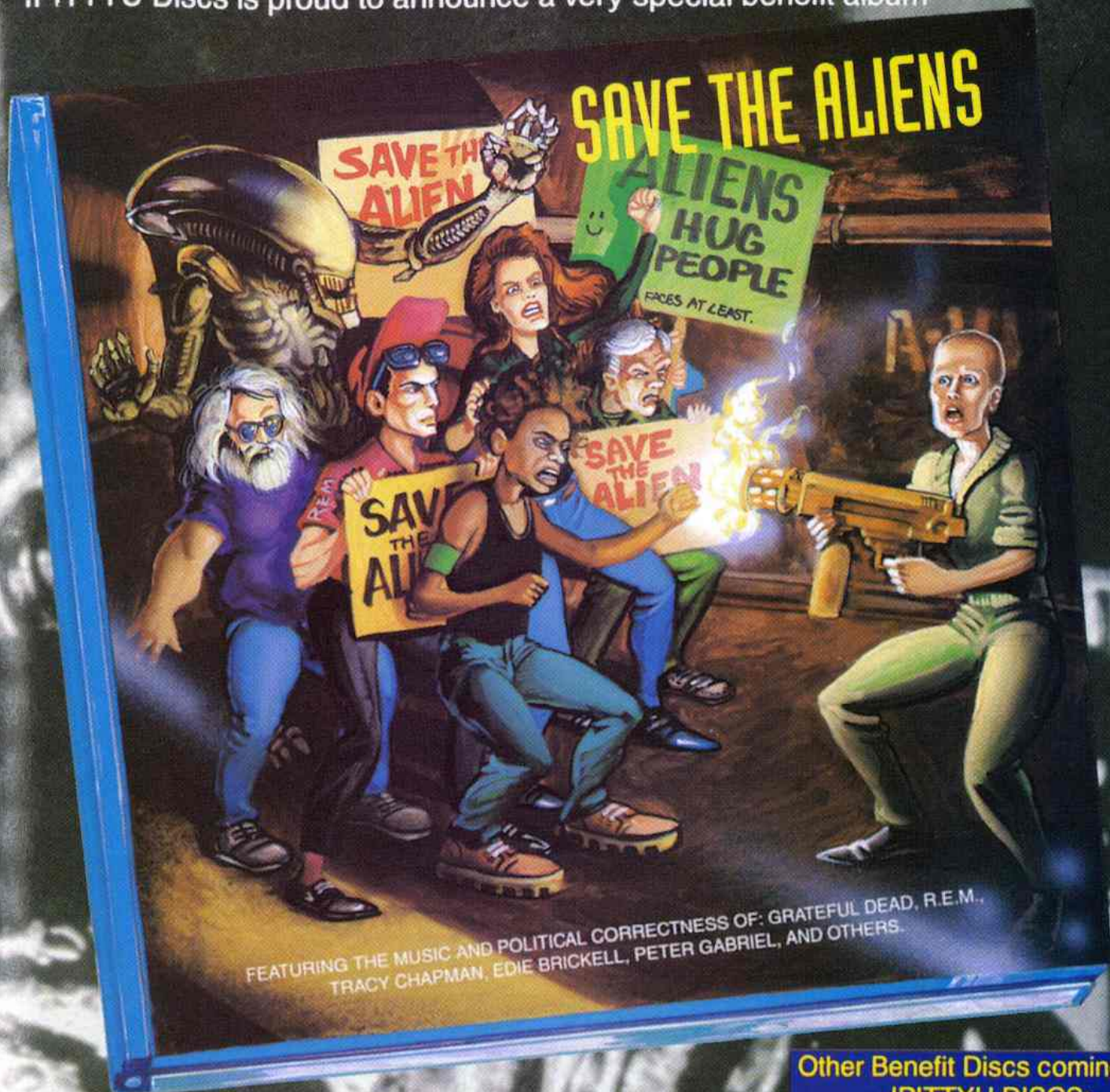


MONSTER ONE-SHOTS

by Roger Brown and Mike Ricigliano



IPITTYU Discs is proud to announce a very special benefit album



Hello, I'm Sting. In the past I've been involved in such important causes as "Feed Those Really Poor People" and "Rubs for Mugs" the program that offered massages to prisoners with sore backs. Now I'm devoting my important time to educating you ignorant people on the plight of the Aliens. Since the first Alien movie the population of Aliens has approached extinction. But with my help we can save the Alien. This new compact disc contains the musical genius of myself and some of my friends. Surely, after I went to the trouble of making this album, the least you peasants can do is buy it.

Other Benefit Discs coming from IPITTYU DISCS:

- Save Walden Books
- Lorne Greenpeace
- Amnesty's International House of Pancakes
- Save the Dead
- Adopt a Dead Lab Animal
- Tuxedos for the Homeless
- Alcoholics Unanimous
- Toys for Tarts
- Anti-Defecation League
- Polka-the-Vote
- Game Boys for Bangladesh

THE ATTACK FROM PLANET X

